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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

VOL. III.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE

VOL. III.

"Come o'er the Sea
Maiden with me."
Irish Melodies

London, Published 1840, by Longman Orme & Co.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE,

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

CORRUPTION AND INTOLERANCE. THE SCEPTIC.
TWOPENNY POST-BAG.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.
IRISH MELODIES.

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1841.

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PREFACE

TO THE THIRD VOLUME.

THE three satirical Poems with which this Volume commences, were published originally without the author's name; "Corruption" and "Intolerance" in the year 1808, and "The Sceptic" in the year following. The political opinions adopted in the first of these Satires — the Poem on Corruption — was chiefly caught up, as is intimated in the original Preface, from the writings of Bolingbroke, Sir William Wyndham, and other statesmen of that factious period, when the same sort of alliance took place between Toryism and what is now called Radicalism, which

is always likely to ensue on the ejection of the Tory party from power.* In this somewhat rash effusion, it will be seen that neither of the two great English parties is handled with much respect; and I remember being taken to task, by one of the few of my Whig acquaintances that ever looked into the poem, for the following allusion to the silencing effects of official station on certain orators: —

> As bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum,
> So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.

But these attempts of mine in the stately, Juvenalian style of satire, met with but little success, — never having attained, I believe, even the honours of a second edition; and I found that lighter form of weapon, to which I afterwards betook myself, not only more easy to wield, but, from its very lightness, perhaps, more sure to reach its mark.

* Bolingbroke himself acknowledges that "both parties were become factions, in the strict sense of the word."

It would almost seem, too, as if the same unembittered spirit, the same freedom from all real malice with which, in most instances, this sort of squib-warfare has been waged by me, was felt, in some degree, even by those who were themselves the objects of it; — so generously forgiving have I, in most instances, found them. Even the high Personage against whom the earliest and perhaps most successful of my lighter missiles were launched, could refer to and quote them, as I learn from an incident mentioned in the Life of Sir Walter Scott *, with a degree of good-humour and playfulness which was creditable alike to his temper and good sense. At a memorable dinner given by the Regent to Sir Walter in the year 1815, Scott, among other stories with which his royal host was much amused, told of a sentence passed by an old friend of his, the Lord Justice Clerk Braxfield, attended by circumstances in which the cruelty of this

* Vol. iii. p. 342.

waggish judge was even more conspicuous than his humour. "The Regent laughed heartily," says the biographer, "at this specimen of Braxfield's brutal humour; and "I' faith, Walter," said he, "this old big-wig seems to have taken things as coolly as my tyrannical self. Don't you remember Tom Moore's description of me at breakfast? —

> 'The table spread with tea and toast,
> Death-warrants, and the Morning Post.'"

In reference to this, and other less exalted instances, of the good-humoured spirit in which my "innocui sales" have in general been taken, I shall venture to cite here a few flattering sentences which, coming as they did from a political adversary and a stranger, touched me far more by their generosity than even by their praise. In speaking of the pension which had just then been conferred upon me, and expressing, in warm terms, his approval of the grant, the editor of a leading Tory journal* thus liberally

* The Standard, August 24. 1835.

expresses himself: — "We know that some will blame us for our prejudice — if it be prejudice, in favour of Mr. Moore; but we cannot help it. As he tells us himself,

> 'Wit a diamond brings
> That cuts its bright way through'

the most obdurate political antipathies. * * * We do not believe that any one was ever hurt by libels so witty as those of Mr. Moore: — great privilege of wit, which renders it impossible even for those whose enemies wits are, to hate them!"

To return to the period of the Regency: — In the numerous attacks from the government press, which my vollies of small shot against the Court used to draw down upon me, it was constantly alleged, as an aggravation of my misdeeds, that I had been indebted to the Royal personage thus assailed by me for many kind and substantial services. Luckily, the list of the benefits showered upon me from that high quarter may be despatched in a few sentences.

At the request of Lord Moira, one of my earliest and best friends, his Royal Highness graciously permitted me to dedicate to him my Translation of the Odes of Anacreon. I was twice, I think, admitted to the honour of dining at Carlton House; and when the Prince, on his being made Regent in 1811, gave his memorable fête, I was one of the crowd — about 1500, I believe, in number — who enjoyed the privilege of being his guests on the occasion.

There occur some allusions, indeed, in the Twopenny Post Bag, to the absurd taste displayed in the ornaments of the Royal supper table at that fête *; and this violation — for

* The same *fauteuils* and girandoles —
The same gold asses, pretty souls,
That, in this rich and classic dome,
Appear so perfectly at home;
The same bright river, 'mong the dishes,
But not — ah! not the same dear fishes.
Late hours and claret kill'd the old ones; —
So, stead of silver and of gold ones,
(It being rather hard to raise
Fish of that *specie* now-a-days)
Some sprats have been, by Y—rm—h's wish,
Promoted into silver fish,

such, to a certain extent, I allow it to have been —of the reverence due to the rites of the Hospitable Jove *, which, whether administered by prince or peasant, ought to be sacred from such exposure, I am by no means disposed to defend. But, whatever may be thought of the taste or prudence of some of these satires, there exists no longer, I apprehend, much difference of opinion respecting the character of the Royal personage against whom they were aimed. Already, indeed, has the stern verdict which the voice of History cannot but pronounce upon him, been in some degree anticipated †, in a

> And gudgeons (so V—ns—tt—t told
> The Reg—t) are as good as gold.
>
> *Twopenny Post Bag*, p. 137.

* Ante fores stabat Jovis Hospitis ara. Ovid.

† Edinburgh Review, No. cxxxv., *George the Fourth and Queen Caroline*. —"When the Prince entered upon public life he was found to have exhausted the resources of a career of pleasure; to have gained followers without making friends; to have acquired much envy and some admiration among the unthinking multitude of polished society; but not to command in any quarter either respect or esteem. * * * The portrait which we have painted of him is undoubtedly one of the darkest shade, and most repulsive form."

sketch of the domestic events of his reign, supposed to have proceeded from the pen of one who was himself an actor in some of its most painful scenes, and who, from his professional position, commanded a near insight into the character of that exalted individual, both as husband and father. To the same high authority I must refer for an account of the mysterious "Book*," to which allusion is more than once made in the following pages.

One of the first and most successful of the numerous trifles I wrote at that period, was the Parody on the Regent's celebrated Letter, announcing to the world that he "had no predilections," &c. This very opportune squib was, at first, circulated privately; my friend, Mr. Perry, having for some time hesitated to publish it. He got some copies of it, however, printed

* "There is no doubt whatever that *The Book*, written by Mr. Perceval, and privately printed at his house, under Lord Eldon's superintendence and his own, was prepared in concert with the King, and was intended to sound the alarm against Carlton House and the Whigs." — *Ed. Review, ib.*

off for me, which I sent round to several members of the Whig party; and, having to meet a number of them at dinner immediately after, found it no easy matter to keep my countenance while they were discussing among them the merits of the Parody. One of the party, I recollect, having quoted to me the following description of the state of both King and Regent, at that moment, —

> "A straight waistcoat on *him*, and restrictions on *me*,
> A more limited monarchy could not well be,"

grew rather provoked with me for not enjoying the fun of the parody as much as himself.

While thus the excitement of party feeling lent to the political trifles contained in this volume a relish and pungency not their own, an effect has been attributed to two squibs, wholly unconnected with politics — the Letters from the Dowager Countess of Corke, and from Messrs. Lackington and Co.* — of

* *Twopenny Post-Bag*, p. 128. I avail myself of the men-

which I myself had not the slightest notion till I found it thus alluded to in Mr. Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott. In speaking of the causes which were supposed to have contributed to the comparative failure of the Poem of "Rokeby," the biographer says, "It is fair to add that, among the London circles, at least, some sarcastic flings, in Mr. Moore's Two-penny Post-Bag, must have had an unfavourable influence on this occasion." *

tion here of this latter squib, to recant a correction which I too hastily made in the two following lines of it:—

> And, though statesmen may glory in being unbought,
> In an author, we think, sir, that's rather a fault.

Forgetting that Pope's ear was satisfied with the sort of rhyme here used, I foolishly altered (and spoiled) the whole couplet to get rid of it.

* "See, for instance," says Mr. Lockhart, "the Epistle of Lady Corke; or that of Messrs. Lackington, booksellers, to one of their dandy authors:—

> 'Should you feel any touch of *poetical* glow,
> We've a scheme to suggest:—Mr. Sc—tt, you must know,
> (Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for *the Row* [1],)

[1] Paternoster Row.

Among the translations that have appeared on the Continent, of the greater part of my poetical works, there has been no attempt, as far as I can learn, to give a version of any of my satirical writings, — with the single exception of a squib contained in this volume, entitled "Little Man and Little Soul*," of which there is a translation into German verse, by the late distinguished oriental scholar, Professor Von Bohlen.† Though unskilled, myself, in German, I can yet perceive — sufficiently to marvel at it — the dexterity and ease

Having quitted the Borders, to seek new renown,
Is coming, by long Quarto stages, to Town;
And beginning with Rokeby (the job's sure to pay)
Means to *do* all the Gentlemen's Seats on the way.
Now, the scheme is (though none of our hackneys can beat him)
To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to *meet* him;
Who, by means of quick proofs — no revises — long coaches —
May do a few villas, before Sc—tt approaches.
Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,
He'll reach, without found'ring, at least Woburn Abbey.'"

* Alluding to a speech delivered in the year 1813 by the Right Hon. Charles Abbot (then Speaker) against Mr. Grattan's motion for a Committee on the Claims of the Catholics.

† Author of "The Ancient Indian."

with which the Old Ballad metre of the original is adopted and managed in the translation. As this trifle may be considered curious, not only in itself, but still more as connected with so learned a name, I shall here present it to my readers, premising that the same eminent Professor has left a version also of one of my very early *facetiæ*, "The Rabbinical Origin of Woman."

"THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN."

(*Translated by Professor von Bohlen.*)

Es war ein kleiner Mann
Und der hatt 'n kleinen Geist
Und er sprach: kleiner Geist sehn wir zu, zu, zu,
Ob uns moglich wohl wird seyn
So ein kleines Redelein
Das wir halten, kleiner ich und kleiner du, du, du,
Das wir halten, kleiner ich und kleiner du.

Und der kleine Geist, der brach
Aus dem Loche nun und sprach:
Ich behaupte, kleiner Mann, du bist keck, keck, keck,
Nimm nicht übel meine Zweifel,
Aber sage mir, zum Teufel,
Hat die kleine kleine Red' einen zweck, zweck, zweck,
Hat die kleine kleine Red' einen zweck?

Der kleine Mann darauf
Bliess die Backen mächtig auf,
Und er sprach: kleiner Geist sey gescheut, scheut, scheut;
Kleiner ich und kleiner du
Sind berufen ja dazu
Zu verdammen und bekehren alle Leut', Leut', Leut',
Zu verdammen und bekehren alle Leut'.

Und sie fingen beide an
Der kleine Geist und kleine Mann,
Paukten ab ihre Rede so klein, klein, klein;
Und die ganze Welt für wahr
Meint, das aufgeblas'ne Paar
Musst ein winziges Pfäffelein nur seyn, seyn, seyn,
Musst ein winziges Pfäffelein, nur seyn.

Having thus brought together, as well from the records of others, as from my own recollection, whatever incidental lights could be thrown from those sources, on some of the satirical effusions contained in these pages, I shall now reserve all such reminiscences and notices as relate to the Irish Melodies, for our next volume.

It is right my readers should here be apprized, that the plan of classing my poetical works according to the order of their first pub-

lication, is pursued no further than the Second Volume of this Collection; and that, therefore, the arrangement of the contents of the succeeding Volumes, though not, in a general way, departing much from this rule, is not to be depended upon as observing it.

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CORRUPTION,

AND

INTOLERANCE.

TWO POEMS.

ADDRESSED TO AN ENGLISHMAN

BY AN IRISHMAN.

PREFACE.

THE practice which has been lately introduced into literature, of writing very long notes upon very indifferent verses, appears to me rather a happy invention; as it supplies us with a mode of turning dull poetry to account; and as horses too heavy for the saddle may yet serve well enough to draw lumber, so Poems of this kind make excellent beasts of burden, and will bear notes, though they may not bear reading. Besides, the comments in such cases are so little under the necessity of paying any servile deference to the text, that they may even adopt that Socratic dogma, "Quod supra nos nihil ad nos.

In the first of the two following Poems, I have ventured to speak of the Revolution of 1688, in language which has sometimes been employed by Tory writers, and which is therefore neither very new nor popular. But however an Englishman might be reproached with ingratitude, for depreciating the merits and results of a measure, which he is taught to regard as the source of his liberties — however ungrateful it might appear in Alderman B—rch to question for a moment the purity of that glorious era, to which he is indebted for the seasoning of so many orations — yet an Irishman, who has none of these obligations to acknowledge; to whose country the Revolution brought nothing but injury and insult, and who recollects that the book of Molyneux was burned, by order of William's Whig Parliament, for daring to extend to unfortunate Ireland those principles on which the Revolution was professedly founded — an Irishman *may* be allowed to criticise freely the measures of that period, with-

out exposing himself either to the imputation of ingratitude, or to the suspicion of being influenced by any Popish remains of Jacobitism. No nation, it is true, was ever blessed with a more golden opportunity of establishing and securing its liberties for ever than the conjuncture of Eighty-eight presented to the people of Great Britain. But the disgraceful reigns of Charles and James had weakened and degraded the national character. The bold notions of popular right, which had arisen out of the struggles between Charles the First and his Parliament, were gradually supplanted by those slavish doctrines for which Lord H—kesb—ry eulogises the churchmen of that period; and as the Reformation had happened too soon for the purity of religion, so the Revolution came too late for the spirit of liberty. Its advantages accordingly were for the most part specious and transitory, while the evils which it entailed are still felt and still increasing. By rendering unnecessary the frequent exercise

of Prerogative, — that unwieldly power which cannot move a step without alarm, — it diminished the only interference of the Crown, which is singly and independently exposed before the people, and whose abuses therefore are obvious to their senses and capacities. Like the myrtle over a celebrated statue in Minerva's temple at Athens, it skilfully veiled from the public eye the only obtrusive feature of royalty. At the same time, however, that the Revolution abridged this unpopular attribute, it amply compensated by the substitution of a new power, as much more potent in its effect as it is more secret in its operations. In the disposal of an immense revenue and the extensive patronage annexed to it, the first foundations of this power of the Crown were laid; the innovation of a standing army at once increased and strengthened it, and the few slight barriers which the Act of Settlement opposed to its progress have all been gradually removed during the whiggish reigns that succeeded; till at length this spirit of influence

has become the vital principle of the state, — an agency, subtle and unseen, which pervades every part of the Constitution, lurks under all its forms and regulates all its movements, and, like the invisible sylph or grace which presides over the motions of beauty,

> " Illam, quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia flectit,
> Componit furtim subsequiturque."

The cause of Liberty and the Revolution are so habitually associated in the minds of Englishmen, that probably in objecting to the latter I may be thought hostile or indifferent to the former. But assuredly nothing could be more unjust than such a suspicion. The very object, indeed, which my humble animadversions would attain is, that in the crisis to which I think England is now hastening, and between which and foreign subjugation she may soon be compelled to choose, the errors and omissions of 1688 should be remedied; and, as it was then her fate to experience a Revolution without Reform, so she may now

endeavour to accomplish a Reform without Revolution.

In speaking of the parties which have so long agitated England, it will be observed that I lean as little to the Whigs as to their adversaries. Both factions have been equally cruel to Ireland, and perhaps equally insincere in their efforts for the liberties of England. There is one name, indeed, connected with whiggism, of which I can never think but with veneration and tenderness. As justly, however, might the light of the sun be claimed by any particular nation, as the sanction of that name be monopolized by any party whatsoever. Mr. Fox belonged to mankind, and they have lost in him their ablest friend.

With respect to the few lines upon Intolerance, which I have subjoined, they are but the imperfect beginning of a long series of Essays, with which I here menace my readers, upon the same important subject. I shall look to no higher merit in the task, than that of giving a

new form to claims and remonstrances, which have often been much more eloquently urged, and which would long ere now have produced their effect, but that the minds of some of our statesmen, like the pupil of the human eye, contract themselves the more, the stronger light there is shed upon them.

CORRUPTION.

Νυν δ' απαντ' ωστερ εξ αγορας εκπεπρακται ταυτα· αντεισηκται δε αντι τουτων, ὑφ' ὡν απολωλε και νενοσηκεν ἡ Ἑλλας. Ταυτα δ' εστι τι; ζηλος, ει τις ειληφε τι· γελως αν ὁμολογη· συγγνωμη τοις ελεγχομενοις· μισος, αν τουτοις τις επιτιμα· ταλλα παντα, ὁσα εκ του δωροδοκειν κρηται.

DEMOSTH. *Philipp.* iii.

CORRUPTION,

AN EPISTLE.

Boast on, my friend—though stript of all beside,
Thy struggling nation still retains her pride *:
That pride, which once in genuine glory woke
When Marlborough fought, and brilliant St. John spoke;
That pride which still, by time and shame unstung,
Outlives even Wh—tel—cke's sword and H—wk—s-b'ry's tongue!
Boast on, my friend, while in this humbled isle †
Where Honour mourns and Freedom fears to smile,

* Angli suos ac sua omnia impense mirantur; cæteras nationes despectui habent. — *Barclay* (as quoted in one of Dryden's prefaces).

† England began very early to feel the effects of cruelty towards her dependencies. "The severity of her government (says Macpherson) contributed more to deprive her of the continental dominions of the family of Plantagenet than the arms of France." — See his *History*, vol. i.

Where the bright light of England's fame is known
But by the shadow o'er our fortunes thrown;
Where, doom'd ourselves to nought but wrongs and
slights *,
We hear you boast of Britain's glorious rights,
As wretched slaves, that under hatches lie,
Hear those on deck extol the sun and sky!
Boast on, while wandering through my native haunts,
I coldly listen to thy patriot vaunts;
And feel, though close our wedded countries twine,
More sorrow for my own than pride from thine.

* "By the total reduction of the kingdom of Ireland in 1691 (says Burke), the ruin of the native Irish, and in a great measure, too, of the first races of the English, was completely accomplished. The new English interest was settled with as solid a stability as any thing in human affairs can look for. All the penal laws of that unparalleled code of oppression, which were made after the last event, were manifestly the effects of national hatred and scorn towards a conquered people, whom the victors delighted to trample upon, and were not at all afraid to provoke." Yet this is the era to which the wise Common Council of Dublin refer us for "invaluable blessings," &c.

Yet pause a moment — and if truths severe
Can find an inlet to that courtly ear,
Which hears no news but W—rd's gazetted lies,
And loves no politics in rhyme but Pye's, —
If aught can please thee but the good old saws
Of " Church and State," and " William's matchless laws,"
And " Acts and Rights of glorious Eighty-eight,"—
Things, which though now a century out of date,
Still serve to ballast, with convenient words,
A few crank arguments for speeching lords *,—
Turn, while I tell how England's freedom found,
Where most she look'd for life, her deadliest wound;

* It never seems to occur to those orators and addressers who round off so many sentences and paragraphs with the Bill of Rights, the Act of Settlement, &c., that most of the provisions which these Acts contained for the preservation of parliamentary independence have been long laid aside as romantic and troublesome. I never meet, I confess, with a politician who quotes seriously the Declaration of Rights, &c., to prove the actual existence of English liberty, that I do not think of that marquis, whom Montesquieu mentions[1], who set about looking for mines in the Pyrenees, on the strength of authorities which he had read in some ancient authors. The poor marquis toiled and searched in vain. He quoted his authorities to the last, but found no mines after all.

[1] Liv. xxi. chap. 2.

How brave she struggled, while her foe was seen,
How faint since Influence lent that foe a screen;
How strong o'er James and Popery she prevail'd,
How weakly fell, when Whigs and gold assail'd.*

While kings were poor, and all those schemes unknown
Which drain the people, to enrich the throne;
Ere yet a yielding Commons had supplied
Those chains of gold by which themselves are tied;

* The chief, perhaps the only advantage which has resulted from the system of influence, is that tranquil course of uninterrupted action which it has given to the administration of government. If kings *must* be paramount in the state (and their ministers for the time being always think so), the country is indebted to the Revolution for enabling them to become so quietly, and for removing skilfully the danger of those shocks and collisions which the alarming efforts of prerogative never failed to produce.

Instead of vain and disturbing efforts to establish that speculative balance of the constitution, which, perhaps, has never existed but in the pages of Montesquieu and De Lolme, a preponderance is now silently yielded to one of the three estates, which carries the other two almost insensibly, but still effectually, along with it; and even though the path may lead eventually to destruction, yet its specious and gilded smoothness almost atones for the danger; and, like Milton's bridge over Chaos, it may be said to lead,

"Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to ——."

Then proud Prerogative, untaught to creep
With bribery's silent foot on Freedom's sleep,
Frankly avow'd his bold enslaving plan,
And claim'd a right from God to trample man!
But Luther's schism had too much rous'd mankind
For Hampden's truths to linger long behind;
Nor then, when king-like popes had fallen so low,
Could pope-like kings * escape the levelling blow.
That ponderous sceptre (in whose place we bow
To the light talisman of influence now),
Too gross, too visible to work the spell
Which modern power performs, in fragments fell:
In fragments lay, till, patch'd and painted o'er
With fleurs-de-lys, it shone and scourged once more.

'Twas then, my friend, thy kneeling nation quaff'd
Long, long and deep, the churchman's opiate draught
Of passive, prone obedience — then took flight
All sense of man's true dignity and right;

* The drivelling correspondence between James I. and his "dog Steenie" (the Duke of Buckingham), which we find among the Hardwicke Papers, sufficiently shows, if we wanted any such illustration, into what doting, idiotic brains the plan of arbitrary power may enter.

And Britons slept so sluggish in their chain,
That Freedom's watch-voice call'd almost in vain.
Oh England! England! what a chance was thine,
When the last tyrant of that ill-starr'd line
Fled from his sullied crown, and left thee free
To found thy own eternal liberty!
How nobly high, in that propitious hour,
Might patriot hands have rais'd the triple tower*

* Tacitus has expressed his opinion, in a passage very frequently quoted, that such a distribution of power as the theory of the British constitution exhibits is merely a subject of bright speculation, "a system more easily praised than practised, and which, even could it happen to exist, would certainly not prove permanent;" and, in truth, a review of England's annals would dispose us to agree with the great historian's remark. For we find that at no period whatever has this balance of the three estates existed; that the nobles predominated till the policy of Henry VII., and his successor reduced their weight by breaking up the feudal system of property; that the power of the Crown became then supreme and absolute, till the bold encroachments of the Commons subverted the fabric altogether; that the alternate ascendency of prerogative and privilege distracted the period which followed the Restoration; and that, lastly, the Acts of 1688, by laying the foundation of an unbounded court-influence, have secured a preponderance to the Throne, which every succeeding year increases. So that the vaunted British constitution has never perhaps existed but in mere theory.

Of British freedom, on a rock divine
Which neither force could storm nor treachery mine!
But no — the luminous, the lofty plan,
Like mighty Babel, seem'd too bold for man;
The curse of jarring tongues again was given
To thwart a work which raised men nearer heaven.
While Tories marr'd what Whigs had scarce begun,
While Whigs undid what Whigs themselves had done *,

* The monarchs of Great Britain can never be sufficiently grateful for that accommodating spirit which led the Revolutionary Whigs to give away the crown, without imposing any of those restraints or stipulations which other men might have taken advantage of so favourable a moment to enforce, and in the framing of which they had so good a model to follow as the limitations proposed by the Lords Essex and Halifax, in the debate upon the Exclusion Bill. They not only condescended, however, to accept of places, but took care that these dignities should be no impediment to their "voice potential" in affairs of legislation; and although an Act was after many years suffered to pass, which by one of its articles disqualified placemen from serving as members of the House of Commons, it was yet not allowed to interfere with the influence of the reigning monarch, nor with that of his successor Anne. The purifying clause, indeed, was not to take effect till after the decease of the latter sovereign, and she very con-

The hour was lost, and William, with a smile,
Saw Freedom weeping o'er the unfinish'd pile!

siderately repealed it altogether. So that, as representation has continued ever since, if the king were simple enough to send to foreign courts ambassadors who were most of them in the pay of those courts, he would be just as honestly and faithfully represented as are his people. It would be endless to enumerate all the favours which were conferred upon William by those "apostate Whigs." They complimented him with the first suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act which had been hazarded since the confirmation of that privilege; and this example of our Deliverer's reign has not been lost upon any of his successors. They promoted the establishment of a standing army, and circulated in its defence the celebrated "Balancing Letter," in which it is insinuated that England, even then, in her boasted hour of regeneration, was arrived at such a pitch of faction and corruption, that nothing could keep her in order but a Whig ministry and a standing army. They refused, as long as they could, to shorten the duration of parliaments; and though, in the Declaration of Rights, the necessity of such a reform was acknowledged, they were able, by arts not unknown to modern ministers, to brand those as traitors and republicans who urged it.[1] But the grand and distinguishing trait of their measures was the power they bestowed on the Crown of almost annihilating the freedom of elections, — of turning from its course, and for ever defiling that great stream

[1] See a pamphlet published in 1693, upon the King's refusing to sign the Triennial Bill, called "A Discourse between a Yeoman of Kent and a Knight of a Shire." — "Hereupon (says the Yeoman) the gentleman grew angry, and said that I talked like a base commons-wealth man."

Hence all the ills you suffer, — hence remain
Such galling fragments of that feudal chain *,

of Representation, which had, even in the most agitated periods, reflected some features of the people, but which, from thenceforth, became the Pactolus, the "aurifer amnis," of the court, and served as a mirror of the national will and popular feeling no longer. We need but consult the writings of that time, to understand the astonishment then excited by measures, which the practice of a century has rendered not only familiar but necessary. See a pamphlet called "The Danger of mercenary Parliaments," 1698; State Tracts, Will. III. vol. ii.; see also "Some Paradoxes presented as a New Year's Gift" (*State Poems*, vol. iii.).

* The last great wound given to the feudal system was the Act of the 12th of Charles II., which abolished the tenure of knight's service *in capite*, and which Blackstone compares, for its salutary influence upon property, to the boasted provisions of Magna Charta itself. Yet even in this Act we see the effects of that counteracting spirit which has contrived to weaken every effort of the English nation towards liberty. The exclusion of copyholders from their share of elective rights was permitted to remain as a brand of feudal servitude, and as an obstacle to the rise of that strong counterbalance which an equal representation of property would oppose to the weight of the Crown. If the managers of the Revolution had been sincere in their wishes for reform, they would not only have taken this fetter off the rights of election, but would have renewed the mode adopted in Cromwell's time of increasing the number of knights of the shire, to the exclusion of those rotten insignificant boroughs, which have tainted the whole mass of the constitution. Lord Clarendon calls this measure of Cromwell's "an alteration fit to be more warrantable made, and in a better time." It formed part of Mr. Pitt's

Whose links, around you by the Norman flung,
Though loosed and broke so often, still have clung.
Hence sly Prerogative, like Jove of old,
Has turn'd his thunder into showers of gold,
Whose silent courtship wins securer joys,*
Taints by degrees, and ruins without noise.

plan in 1783; but Pitt's plan of reform was a kind of announced dramatic piece, about as likely to be ever acted as Mr. Sheridan's "Foresters."

* ——fore enim tutum iter et patens
Converso in pretium Deo.
Aurum per medios ire satellites, &c.
Horat.

It would be a task not uninstructive to trace the history of Prerogative from the date of its strength under the Tudor princes, when Henry VII. and his successors "taught the people (as Nathaniel Bacon says)[1] to dance to the tune of Allegiance," to the period of the Revolution, when the Throne, in its attacks upon liberty, began to exchange the noisy explosions of Prerogative for the silent and effectual air-gun of Influence. In following its course, too, since that memorable era, we shall find that, while the royal power has been abridged in branches where it might be made conducive to the interests of the people, it has been left in full and unshackled vigour against almost every point where the integrity of the constitution is vulnerable. For instance, the power of chartering boroughs, to whose capricious abuse in the hands of the Stuarts we are indebted for most of the present anomalies of representation,

[1] *Historic. and Politic. Discourse*, &c. part ii. p. 114.

While parliaments, no more those sacred things
Which make and rule the destiny of kings,

might, if suffered to remain, have in some degree atoned for its mischief, by restoring the old unchartered boroughs to their rights, and widening more equally the basis of the legislature. But, by the Act of Union with Scotland, this part of the prerogative was removed, lest Freedom should have a chance of being healed, even by the rust of the spear which had formerly wounded her. The dangerous power, however, of creating peers, which has been so often exercised *for* the government *against* the constitution, is still left in free and unqualified activity; notwithstanding the example of that celebrated Bill for the limitation of this ever-budding branch of prerogative, which was proposed in the reign of George I. under the peculiar sanction and recommendation of the Crown, but which the Whigs thought right to reject, with all that characteristic delicacy, which, in general, prevents them when enjoying the sweets of office themselves, from taking any uncourtly advantage of the Throne. It will be recollected, however, that the creation of the twelve peers by the Tories in Anne's reign (a measure which Swift, like a true party man, defends) gave these upright Whigs all possible alarm for their liberties.

With regard to the generous fit about his prerogative which seized so unroyally the good king George I., historians have hinted that the paroxysm originated far more in hatred to his son than in love to the constitution.[1] This, of course, however, is a calumny: no loyal person, acquainted with the annals of the three Georges, could possibly suspect any *one* of those gracious monarchs either of ill-will to his heir, or indifference for the constitution.

[1] Coxe says that this Bill was projected by Sunderland.

Like loaded dice by ministers are thrown,
And each new set of sharpers cog their own.
Hence the rich oil, that from the Treasury steals,
Drips smooth o'er all the Constitution's wheels,
Giving the old machine such pliant play*,
That Court and Commons jog one joltless way,
While Wisdom trembles for the crazy car,
So gilt, so rotten, carrying fools so far;
And the duped people, hourly doom'd to pay
The sums that bribe their liberties away†, —

* "They drove so fast (says Welwood of the ministers of Charles I.), that it was no wonder that the wheels and chariot broke." (*Memoirs*, p. 35.) — But this fatal accident, if we may judge from experience, is to be imputed far less to the folly and impetuosity of the drivers, than to the want of that suppling oil from the Trēasury which has been found so necessary to make a government like that of England run smoothly. Had Charles been as well provided with this article as his successors have been since the happy Revolution, his Commons would never have merited from him the harsh appellation of "seditious vipers," but would have been (as they now are, and I trust always will be) "dutiful Commons," "loyal Commons," &c. &c., and would have given him ship-money, or any other sort of money he might have fancied.

† Among those auxiliaries which the Revolution of 1688 marshalled on the side of the Throne, the bugbear of Popery has not been the least convenient and serviceable. Those unskilful tyrants, Charles and James, instead of profiting by

Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,—
See their own feathers pluck'd, to wing the dart
Which rank corruption destines for their heart!

that useful subserviency which has always distinguished the ministers of our religious establishment, were so infatuated as to plan the ruin of this best bulwark of their power, and, moreover, connected their designs upon the Church so undisguisedly with their attacks upon the Constitution, that they identified in the minds of the people the interests of their religion and their liberties. During those times, therefore, "No Popery" was the watchword of freedom, and served to keep the public spirit awake against the invasions of bigotry and prerogative. The Revolution, however, by removing this object of jealousy, has produced a reliance on the orthodoxy of the Throne, of which the Throne has not failed to take advantage; and the cry of "No Popery" having thus lost its power of alarming the people against the inroads of the Crown, has served ever since the very different purpose of strengthening the Crown against the pretensions and struggles of the people. The danger of the Church from Papists and Pretenders was the chief pretext for the repeal of the Triennial Bill, for the adoption of a standing army, for the numerous suspensions of the Habeas Corpus Act, and, in short, for all those spirited infractions of the constitution by which the reigns of the last century were so eminently distinguished. We have seen very lately, too, how the Throne has been enabled, by the same scarecrow sort of alarm, to select its ministers from among men, whose servility is their only claim to elevation, and who are pledged (if such an alternative *could* arise) to take part with the scruples of the King against the salvation of the empire.

But soft! methinks I hear thee proudly say,
" What! shall I listen to the impious lay,
" That dares, with Tory licence, to profane
" The bright bequests of William's glorious reign?
" Shall the great wisdom of our patriot sires,
" Whom H—wks—b—y quotes and savoury B—rch admires,
" Be slander'd thus? shall honest St—le agree
" With virtuous R—se to call us pure and free,
" Yet fail to prove it? Shall our patent pair
" Of wise state-poets waste their words in air,
" And P—e unheeded breathe his prosperous strain,
" And C—nn—ng *take the people's sense* in vain?" *

The people! —ah, that Freedom's form should stay
Where Freedom's spirit long hath pass'd away!

* Somebody has said, " Quand tous les poëtes seraient noyés, ce ne serait pas grand dommage;" but I am aware that this is not fit language to be held at a time when our birth-day odes and state-papers are written by such pretty poets as Mr. P—e and Mr. C—nn—ng. All I wish is, that the latter gentleman would change places with his brother P—e, by which means we should have somewhat less prose in our odes, and certainly less poetry in our politics.

That a false smile should play around the dead,
And flush the features when the soul hath fled! *
When Rome had lost her virtue with her rights,
When her foul tyrant sat on Capreæ's heights †
Amid his ruffian spies, and doom'd to death
Each noble name they blasted with their breath,—

* "It is a scandal (said Sir Charles Sedley in William's reign) that a government so sick at heart as ours is should look so well in the face;" and Edmund Burke has said, in the present reign, "When the people conceive that laws and tribunals, and even popular assemblies, are perverted from the ends of their institution, they find in these names of degenerated establishments only new motives to discontent. Those bodies which, when full of life and beauty, lay in their arms and were their joy and comfort, when dead and putrid become more loathsome from remembrance of former endearments." — *Thoughts on the present Discontents*, 1770.

† —— Tutor haberi
Principis, Augustâ Caprearum in rupe sedentis
Cum grege Chaldæo. *Juvenal. Sat.* x. v. 92.

The senate still continued, during the reign of Tiberius, to manage all the business of the public; the money was then and long after coined by their authority, and every other public affair received their sanction.

We are told by Tacitus of a certain race of men, who made themselves particularly useful to the Roman emperors, and were therefore called "instrumenta regni," or "court tools." From this it appears, that my Lords M——, C——, &c. &c. are by no means things of modern invention.

Even then, (in mockery of that golden time,
When the Republic rose revered, sublime,
And her proud sons, diffused from zone to zone,
Gave kings to every nation but their own,)
Even then the senate and the tribunes stood,
Insulting marks, to show how high the flood
Of Freedom flow'd, in glory's by-gone day,
And how it ebb'd,—for ever ebb'd away!*

Look but around—though yet a tyrant's sword
Nor haunts our sleep nor glitters o'er our board,
Though blood be better drawn, by modern quacks,
With Treasury leeches than with sword or axe;
Yet say, could even a prostrate tribune's power,
Or a mock senate, in Rome's servile hour,
Insult so much the claims, the rights of man,
As doth that fetter'd mob, that free divan,

* There is something very touching in what Tacitus tells us of the hopes that revived in a few patriot bosoms, when the death of Augustus was near approaching, and the fond expectation with which they already began "bona libertatis incassum disserere."

According to Ferguson, Cæsar's interference with the rights of election "made the subversion of the republic more felt than any of the former acts of his power."—*Roman Republic*, book v. chap. i.

Of noble tools and honourable knaves,
Of pension'd patriots and privileged slaves;—
That party-colour'd mass, which nought can warm
But rank corruption's heat — whose quicken'd swarm
Spread their light wings in Bribery's golden sky,
Buzz for a period, lay their eggs, and die;—
That greedy vampire, which from Freedom's tomb
Comes forth, with all the mimicry of bloom
Upon its lifeless cheek, and sucks and drains
A people's blood to feed its putrid veins!

Thou start'st, my friend, at picture drawn so dark—
"Is there no light?" thou ask'st—"no lingering spark
"Of ancient fire to warm us? Lives there none,
"To act a Marvell's part?" *—alas! not one.
To place and power all public spirit tends,
In place and power all public spirit ends †;

* Andrew Marvell, the honest opposer of the court during the reign of Charles the Second, and the last member of parliament who, according to the ancient mode, took wages from his constituents. The Commons have, since then, much changed their pay-masters. — See the *State Poems* for some rude but spirited effusions of Andrew Marvell.

† The following artless speech of Sir Francis Winnington, in the reign of Charles the Second, will amuse those who are fully aware of the perfection we have since attained in that

Like hardy plants, that love the air and sky,
When *out*, 'twill thrive — but taken *in*, 'twill die!

Not bolder truths of sacred Freedom hung
From Sidney's pen or burn'd on Fox's tongue,
Than upstart Whigs produce each market-night,
While yet their conscience, as their purse, is light;
While debts at home excite their care for those
Which, dire to tell, their much-lov'd country owes,
And loud and upright, till their prize be known,
They thwart the King's supplies to raise their own.
But bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum—
So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.
And, though most base is he who, 'neath the shade
Of Freedom's ensign plies corruption's trade,
And makes the sacred flag he dares to show
His passport to the market of her foe,

system of government whose humble beginnings so much astonished the worthy baronet. "I did observe (says he) that all those who had pensions, and most of those who had offices, voted all of a side, as they were directed by some great officer, exactly as if their business in this House had been to preserve their pensions and offices, and not to make laws for the good of them who sent them here." — He alludes to that parliament which was called, *par excellence*, the Pensionary Parliament.

Yet, yet, I own, so venerably dear
Are Freedom's grave old anthems to my ear,
That I enjoy them, though by traitors sung,
And reverence Scripture even from Satan's tongue.
Nay, when the constitution has expired,
I'll have such men, like Irish wakers, hired
To chant old "Habeas Corpus" by its side,
And ask, in purchas'd ditties, why it died?

See yon smooth lord, whom nature's plastic pains
Would seem to've fashion'd for those Eastern reigns
When eunuchs flourish'd, and such nerveless things
As men rejected were the chosen of kings*;—
Even *he*, forsooth, (oh fraud, of all the worst!)
Dared to assume the patriot's name at first—

* According to Xenophon, the chief circumstance which recommended these creatures to the service of Eastern princes was the ignominious station they held in society, and the probability of their being, upon this account, more devoted to the will and caprice of a master, from whose notice alone they derived consideration, and in whose favour they might seek refuge from the general contempt of mankind. — Αδοξοι ονται οἱ ευνουχοι παρα τοις αλλοις ανθρωποις και δια τουτο δεσποτου επικουρου προσδεονται. — But I doubt whether even an Eastern prince would have chosen an entire administration upon this principle.

Thus Pitt began, and thus begin his apes;
Thus devils, when *first* raised, take pleasing shapes.
But oh, poor Ireland! if revenge be sweet
For centuries of wrong, for dark deceit
And withering insult — for the Union thrown
Into thy bitter cup *, when that alone
Of slavery's draught was wanting † — if for this
Revenge be sweet, thou *hast* that dæmon's bliss;

* "And in the cup an *Union* shall be thrown."
Hamlet.

† Among the many measures, which, since the Revolution, have contributed to increase the influence of the Throne, and to feed up this "Aaron's serpent" of the constitution to its present healthy and respectable magnitude, there have been few more nutritive than the Scotch and Irish Unions. Sir John Packer said, in a debate upon the former question, that "he would submit it to the House, whether men who had basely betrayed their trust, by giving up their independent constitution, were fit to be admitted into the English House of Commons." But Sir John would have known, if he had not been out of place at the time, that the pliancy of such materials was not among the least of their recommendations. Indeed, the promoters of the Scotch Union were by no means disappointed in the leading object of their measure, for the triumphant majorities of the court-party in parliament may be dated from the admission of the 45 and the 16. Once or twice, upon the alteration of their law of treason and the imposition of the malt-tax (measures which were in direct violation of the Act of Union), these worthy North Britons arrayed themselves in opposition to the court; but finding

For, sure, 'tis more than hell's revenge to see
That England trusts the men who've ruin'd thee;—
That, in these awful days, when every hour
Creates some new or blasts some ancient power,
When proud Napoleon, like th' enchanted shield *
Whose light compell'd each wondering foe to yield,

this effort for their country unavailing, they prudently determined to think thenceforward of themselves, and few men have ever kept to a laudable resolution more firmly. The effect of Irish representation on the liberties of England will be no less perceptible and permanent.

—— Ουδ' όγε Ταυρου
Λειπεται αντελλοντος.[1]

The infusion of such cheap and useful ingredients as my Lord L., Mr. D. B., &c. &c. into the legislature, cannot but act as a powerful alterative on the constitution, and clear it by degrees of all troublesome humours of honesty.

* The magician's shield in Ariosto: —

E tolto per vertù dello splendore
La libertate a loro. *Cant.* 2.

We are told that Cæsar's code of morality was contained in the following lines of Euripides, which that great man frequently repeated: —

Ειπερ γαρ αδικειν χρη τυραννιδος περι
Καλλιστον αδικειν· τ'αλλα δ'ευσεβειν χρεων.

This is also, as it appears, the moral code of Napoleon.

[1] From Aratus (v. 715.) a poet who wrote upon astronomy, though, as Cicero assures us, he knew nothing whatever about the subject: just as the great Harvey wrote "De Generatione," though he had as little to do with the matter as my Lord Viscount C.

With baleful lustre blinds the brave and free,
And dazzles Europe into slavery,—
That, in this hour, when patriot zeal should guide,
When Mind should rule, and — Fox should *not* have
died,
All that devoted England can oppose
To enemies made fiends and friends made foes,
Is the rank refuse, the despised remains
Of that unpitying power, whose whips and chains
Drove Ireland first to turn, with harlot glance,
Tow'rds other shores, and woo th' embrace of
France;—
Those hack'd and tainted tools, so foully fit
For the grand artisan of mischief, P—tt,
So useless ever but in vile employ,
So weak to save, so vigorous to destroy —
Such are the men that guard thy threaten'd shore,
Oh England! sinking England! * boast no more.

* The following prophetic remarks occur in a letter written by Sir Robert Talbot, who attended the Duke of Bedford to Paris in 1762. Talking of states which have grown powerful in commerce, he says, "According to the nature and common course of things, there is a confederacy against them, and consequently in the same proportion as they increase in riches, they approach to destruction. The address of our King

William, in making all Europe take the alarm at France, has brought that country before us near that inevitable period. We must necessarily have our turn, and Great Britain will attain it as soon as France shall have a declaimer with organs as proper for that political purpose as were those of our William the Third. . . . . Without doubt, my Lord, Great Britain must lower her flight. Europe will remind us of the balance of commerce, as she has reminded France of the balance of power. The address of our statesmen will immortalise them by contriving for us a descent which shall not be a fall, by making us rather resemble Holland than Carthage and Venice." — *Letters on the French Nation.*

INTOLERANCE,

A SATIRE.

"This clamour, which pretends to be raised for the safety of religion, has almost worn out the very appearance of it, and rendered us not only the most divided but the most immoral people upon the face of the earth."

ADDISON, *Freeholder*, No. 37.

INTOLERANCE.

START not, my friend, nor think the Muse will stain
Her classic fingers with the dust profane
Of Bulls, Decrees, and all those thundering scrolls,
Which took such freedom once with royal souls *,

* The king-deposing doctrine, notwithstanding its many mischievous absurdities, was of no little service to the cause of political liberty, by inculcating the right of resistance to tyrants, and asserting the will of the people to be the only true fountain of power. Bellarmine, the most violent of the advocates for papal authority, was one of the first to maintain (*De Pontif.* lib. i. cap. 7.), "that kings have not their authority or office immediately from God nor his law, but only from the law of nations;" and in King James's "Defence of the Rights of Kings against Cardinal Perron," we find his Majesty expressing strong indignation against the Cardinal for having asserted "that to the deposing of a king the consent of the people must be obtained"—"for by these words (says James) the people are exalted above the king, and made the judges of the king's deposing," p. 424. — Even in Mariana's celebrated book, where the nonsense of bigotry does not interfere, there may be found many liberal and enlightened views of the principles of government, of the restraints which should be imposed upon royal power, of the subordination of the Throne to the interests of the people, &c. &c. (*De Rege et Regis Insti-*

When heaven was yet the pope's exclusive trade,
And kings were *damn'd* as fast as now they're *made*.

tutione. See particularly lib. i. cap. 6. 8. and 9.) — It is rather remarkable, too, that England should be indebted to another Jesuit for the earliest defence of that principle upon which the Revolution was founded, namely, the right of the people to change the succession. — (See Doleman's "Conferences," written in support of the title of the Infanta of Spain against that of James I.) — When Englishmen, therefore, say that Popery is the religion of slavery, they should not only recollect that their own boasted constitution is the work and bequest of popish ancestors; they should not only remember the laws of Edward III., "under whom (says Bolingbroke) the constitution of our parliaments, and the whole form of our government, became reduced into better form;" but they should know that even the errors charged on Popery have leaned to the cause of liberty, and that Papists were the first promulgators of the doctrines which led to the Revolution. — In general, however, the political principles of the Roman Catholics have been described as happened to suit the temporary convenience of their oppressors, and have been represented alternately as slavish or refractory, according as a pretext for tormenting them was wanting. The same inconsistency has marked every other imputation against them. They are charged with laxity in the observance of oaths, though an oath has been found sufficient to shut them out from all worldly advantages. If they reject certain decisions of their church, they are said to be sceptics and bad Christians; if they admit those very decisions, they are branded as bigots and bad subjects. We are told that confidence and kindness will make them enemies to the government, though we know that exclusion and injuries have hardly prevented them from being its friends. In short, nothing can better illustrate the

No, no — let D—gen—n search the papal chair *
For fragrant treasures long forgotten there;
And, as the witch of sunless Lapland thinks
That little swarthy gnomes delight in stinks,
Let sallow P—rc—v—l snuff up the gale
Which wizard D—gen—n's gather'd sweets exhale.
Enough for me, whose heart has learn'd to scorn
Bigots alike in Rome or England born,
Who loathe the venom, whencesoe'er it springs,
From popes or lawyers†, pastry-cooks or kings, —
Enough for me to laugh and weep by turns,
As mirth provokes, or indignation burns,

misery of those shifts and evasions by which a long course of cowardly injustice must be supported, than the whole history of Great Britain's conduct towards the Catholic part of her empire.

* The "Sella *Stercoraria*" of the popes. — The Right Honourable and learned Doctor will find an engraving of this chair in Spanheim's "Disquisitio Historica de Papâ Fœminâ" (p. 118.); and I recommend it as a model for the fashion of that seat which the Doctor is about to take in the privy-council of Ireland.

† When Innocent X. was entreated to decide the controversy between the Jesuits and the Jansenists, he answered, that "he had been bred a lawyer, and had therefore nothing to do with divinity." — It were to be wished that some of our English pettifoggers knew their own fit element as well as Pope Innocent X.

As C—nn—ng vapours, or as France succeeds,
As H—wk—sb'ry proses, or as Ireland bleeds!

And thou, my friend, if, in these headlong days,
When bigot Zeal her drunken antics plays
So near a precipice, that men the while
Look breathless on and shudder while they smile—
If, in such fearful days, thou'lt dare to look
To hapless Ireland, to this rankling nook
Which Heaven hath freed from poisonous things in vain,
While G—ff—rd's tongue and M—sgr—ve's pen remain—
If thou hast yet no golden blinkers got
To shade thine eyes from this devoted spot,
Whose wrongs, though blazon'd o'er the world they be,
Placemen alone are privileged *not* to see—
Oh! turn awhile, and, though the shamrock wreathes
My homely harp, yet shall the song it breathes
Of Ireland's slavery, and of Ireland's woes,
Live, when the memory of her tyrant foes
Shall but exist, all future knaves to warn,
Embalm'd in hate and canonised by scorn.

When C—stl—r—gh, in sleep still more profound
Than his own opiate tongue now deals around,
Shall wait th' impeachment of that awful day
Which even *his* practised hand can't bribe away.

Yes, my dear friend, wert thou but near me now,
To see how Spring lights up on Erin's brow
Smiles that shine out, unconquerably fair,
Even through the blood-marks left by C—md—n * there, —
Could'st thou but see what verdure paints the sod
Which none but tyrants and their slaves have trod,
And didst thou know the spirit, kind and brave,
That warms the soul of each insulted slave,
Who, tired with struggling, sinks beneath his lot,
And seems by all but watchful France forgot † —

* Not the C—md—n who speaks thus of Ireland: —

"To wind up all, whether we regard the fruitfulness of the soil, the advantage of the sea, with so many commodious havens, or the natives themselves, who are warlike, ingenious, handsome, and well-complexioned, soft-skinned and very nimble, by reason of the pliantness of their muscles, this Island is in many respects so happy, that Giraldus might very well say, 'Nature had regarded with more favourable eyes than ordinary this Kingdom of Zephyr.'"

† The example of toleration, which Bonaparte has held forth, will, I fear, produce no other effect than that of determining

Thy heart would burn — yes, even thy Pittite heart
Would burn, to think that such a blooming part
Of the world's garden, rich in nature's charms,
And fill'd with social souls and vigorous arms,
Should be the victim of that canting crew,
So smooth, so godly,— yet so devilish too;
Who, arm'd at once with prayer-books and with whips *,
Blood on their hands, and Scripture on their lips,

the British government to persist, from the very spirit of opposition, in their own old system of intolerance and injustice; just as the Siamese blacken their teeth, "because," as they say, "the devil has white ones." [1]

* One of the unhappy results of the controversy between Protestants and Catholics, is the mutual exposure which their criminations and recriminations have produced. In vain do the Protestants charge the Papists with closing the door of salvation upon others, while many of their own writings and articles breathe the same uncharitable spirit. No canon of Constance or Lateran ever damned heretics more effectually than the eighth of the Thirty-nine Articles consigns to perdition every single member of the Greek church; and I doubt whether a more sweeping clause of damnation was ever proposed in the most bigoted council, than that which the Calvinistic theory of predestination in the seventeenth of these Articles exhibits. It is true that no liberal Protestant avows such exclusive opinions; that every honest clergyman must feel a pang while he subscribes to them; that some even

[1] See l'Histoire Naturelle et Polit. du Royaume de Siam, &c.

Tyrants by creed, and torturers by text,
Make *this* life hell, in honour of the *next!*

assert the Athanasian Creed to be the forgery of one Vigilius Tapsensis, in the beginning of the sixth century, and that eminent divines, like Jortin, have not hesitated to say, "There are propositions contained in our Liturgy and Articles, which no man of common sense amongst us believes."[1] But while all this is freely conceded to Protestants; while nobody doubts their sincerity, when they declare that their articles are not essentials of faith, but a collection of opinions which have been promulgated by fallible men, and from many of which they feel themselves justified in dissenting, — while so much liberty of retractation is allowed to Protestants upon their own declared and subscribed Articles of religion, is it not strange that a similar indulgence should be so obstinately refused to the Catholics, upon tenets which their church has uniformly resisted and condemned, in every country where it has independently flourished? When the Catholics say, "The Decree of the Council of Lateran, which you object to us, has no claim whatever upon either our faith or our reason; it did not even profess to contain any doctrinal decision, but was merely a judicial proceeding of that assembly; and it would be as fair for us to impute a *wife-killing* doctrine to the Protestants, because their first pope, Henry VIII., was sanctioned in an indulgence of that propensity, as for you to conclude that we have inherited a king-deposing taste from the *acts* of the Council of Lateran, or the secular pretensions of our popes. With respect, too, to the Decree of the Council of Constance, upon the strength of which you accuse us of breaking faith with heretics, we do not hesitate to pronounce that Decree a calumnious forgery,

[1] Strictures on the Articles, Subscriptions, &c.

Your R—desd—les, P—rc—v—ls,— great, glorious
Heaven,
If I'm presumptuous, be my tongue forgiven,
When here I swear, by my soul's hope of rest,
I'd rather have been born, ere man was blest
With the pure dawn of Revelation's light,
Yes,—rather plunge me back in Pagan night,

a forgery, too, so obvious and ill-fabricated, that none but our enemies have ever ventured to give it the slightest credit for authenticity." — When the Catholics make these declarations (and they are almost weary with making them), when they show, too, by their conduct, that these declarations are sincere, and that their faith and morals are no more regulated by the absurd decrees of old councils and popes, than their science is influenced by the papal anathema against that Irishman[1] who first found out the Antipodes, — is it not strange that so many still wilfully distrust what every good man is so much interested in believing? That so many should prefer the dark-lantern of the 13th century to the sunshine of intellect which has since overspread the world, and that every dabbler in theology, from Mr. Le Mesurier down to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, should dare to oppose the rubbish of Constance and Lateran to the bright and triumphant progress of justice, generosity, and truth?

[1] Virgilius, surnamed Solivagus, a native of Ireland, who maintained, in the 8th century, the doctrine of the Antipodes, and was anathematised accordingly by the Pope. John Scotus Erigena, another Irishman, was the first that ever wrote against transubstantiation.

And take my chance with Socrates for bliss *,
Than be the Christian of a faith like this,
Which builds on heavenly cant its earthly sway,
And in a convert mourns to lose a prey;

* In a singular work, written by one Franciscus Collius, "upon the Souls of the Pagans," the author discusses, with much coolness and erudition, all the probable chances of salvation upon which a heathen philosopher might calculate. Consigning to perdition without much difficulty Plato, Socrates, &c. the only sage at whose fate he seems to hesitate is Pythagoras, in consideration of his golden thigh, and the many miracles which he performed. But, having balanced a little his claims, and finding reason to father all these miracles on the devil, he at length, in the twenty-fifth chapter, decides upon damning him also. (*De Animabus Paganorum*, lib. iv. cap. 20. and 25.) — The poet Dante compromises the matter with the Pagans, and gives them a neutral territory or limbo of their own, where their employment, it must be owned, is not very enviable — "Senza speme vivemo in desio." — Cant. iv. — Among the numerous errors imputed to Origen, he is accused of having denied the eternity of future punishment; and, if he never advanced a more irrational doctrine, we may venture, I think, to forgive him. He went so far, however, as to include the devil himself in the general hell-delivery which he supposed would one day or other take place, and in this St. Augustin thinks him rather too merciful — "Miserecordior profecto fuit Origenes, qui et ipsum diabolum," &c. (*De Civitat. Dei.* lib. xxi. cap. 17.) — According to St. Jerom, it was Origen's opinion, that "the devil himself, after a certain time, will be as well off as the angel Gabriel" — "Id ipsum

Which, grasping human hearts with double hold,—
Like Danäe's lover mixing god and gold*, —
Corrupts both state and church, and makes an oath
The knave and atheist's passport into both;
Which, while it dooms dissenting souls to know
Nor bliss above nor liberty below,

fore Gabrielem quod diabolum." (See his *Epistle to Pammachius.*) But Halloix, in his Defence of Origen, denies strongly that this learned father had any such misplaced tenderness for the devil.

* Mr. Fox, in his Speech on the Repeal of the Test Act (1790), thus condemns the intermixture of religion with the political constitution of a state: — "What purpose (he asks) can it serve, except the baleful purpose of communicating and receiving contamination? Under such an alliance corruption must alight upon the one, and slavery overwhelm the other."

Locke, too, says of the connection between church and state, "The boundaries on both sides are fixed and immoveable. He jumbles heaven and earth together, the things most remote and opposite, who mixes these two societies, which are in their original, end, business, and in every thing, perfectly distinct and infinitely different from each other." — *First Letter on Toleration.*

The corruptions introduced into Christianity may be dated from the period of its establishment under Constantine, nor could all the splendour which it then acquired atone for the peace and purity which it lost.

Adds the slave's suffering to the sinner's fear,
And, lest he 'scape hereafter, racks him here! *

* There has been, after all, quite as much intolerance among Protestants as among Papists. According to the hackneyed quotation —

Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra.

Even the great champion of the Reformation, Melanchthon, whom Jortin calls "a divine of much mildness and *good-nature*," thus expresses his approbation of the burning of Servetus: "Legi (he says to Bullinger) quæ de Serveti blasphemiis respondistis, et pietatem ac judicia vestra probo. Judico etiam senatum Genevensem rectè fecisse, quod hominem pertinacem et non omissurum blasphemias sustulit; ac miratus sum esse qui severitatem illam improbent." — I have great pleasure in contrasting with these "mild and good-natured" sentiments the following words of the Papist Baluze, in addressing his friend Conringius: "Interim amemus, mî Conringi, et tametsi diversas opiniones tuemur in causâ religionis, moribus tamen diversi non simus, qui eadem literarum studia sectamur." — *Herman. Conring. Epistol.* par. secund. p. 56.

Hume tells us that the Commons, in the beginning of Charles the First's reign, "attacked Montague, one of the King's chaplains, on account of a moderate book which he had lately composed, and which, to their great disgust, saved virtuous Catholics, as well as other Christians, from eternal torments." — In the same manner a complaint was lodged before the Lords of the Council against that excellent writer Hooker, for having, in a Sermon against Popery, attempted to save many of his Popish ancestors for *ignorance*. — To these examples of Protestant toleration I shall beg leave to oppose the following extract from a letter of old Roger Ascham (the tutor of Queen Elizabeth), which is preserved among the

But no — far other faith, far milder beams
Of heavenly justice warm the Christian's dreams;

Harrington Papers, and was written in 1566, to the Earl of Leicester, complaining of the Archbishop Young, who had taken away his prebend in the church of York: "Master Bourne[1] did never grieve me half so moche in offering me wrong, as Mr. Dudley and the Byshopp of York doe, in taking away my right. No byshopp in Q. Mary's time would have so dealt with me; not Mr. Bourne hymself, when Winchester lived, durst have so dealt with me. For suche good estimation in those dayes even the learnedst and wysest men, as Gardener and Cardinal Poole, made of my poore service, that although they knewe perfectly that in religion, both by open wrytinge and pryvie talke, I was contrarye unto them; yea, when Sir Francis Englefield by name did note me speciallye at the councill-board, Gardener would not suffer me to be called thither, nor touched ellswheare, saiinge suche words of me in a lettre, as, though lettres cannot, I blushe to write them to your lordshipp. Winchester's good-will stoode not in speaking faire and wishing well, but he did in deede that for me[2], whereby my wife and children shall live the better when I am gone." (See Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i. pp. 98, 99.) — If men who acted thus were bigots, what shall we call Mr. P—rc—v—l?

In Sutcliffe's "Survey of Popery" there occurs the following assertion:—"Papists, that positively hold the heretical and false doctrines of the modern church of Rome, cannot possibly be saved."— As a contrast to this and other specimens

[1] Sir John Bourne, Principal Secretary of State to Queen Mary.

[2] By Gardener's favour Ascham long held his fellowship, though not resident.

His creed is writ on Mercy's page above,
By the pure hands of all-atoning Love;
He weeps to see abused Religion twine
Round Tyranny's coarse brow her wreath divine;
And *he*, while round him sects and nations raise
To the one God their varying notes of praise,
Blesses each voice, whate'er its tone may be,
That serves to swell the general harmony. *

Such was the spirit, gently, grandly bright,
That fill'd, oh Fox! thy peaceful soul with light;

of Protestant liberality, which it would be much more easy than pleasant to collect, I refer my reader to the Declaration of Le Père Courayer; — doubting not that, while he reads the sentiments of this pious man upon toleration, he will feel inclined to exclaim with Belsham, "Blush, ye Protestant bigots! and be confounded at the comparison of your own wretched and malignant prejudices with the generous and enlarged ideas, the noble and animated language of this Popish priest." — *Essays*, xxvii. p. 86.

* "La tolérance est la chose du monde la plus propre à ramener le siècle d'or, et à faire un concert et une harmonie de plusieurs voix et instruments de différents tons et notes, aussi agréable pour le moins que l'uniformité d'une seule voix." Bayle, Commentaire Philosophique, &c. part ii. chap. vi. — Both Bayle and Locke would have treated the subject of Toleration in a manner much more worthy of themselves and of the cause, if they had written in an age less distracted by religious prejudices.

While free and spacious as that ambient air
Which folds our planet in its circling care,
The mighty sphere of thy transparent mind
Embraced the world, and breathed for all mankind.
Last of the great, farewell! — yet *not* the last —
Though Britain's sunshine hour with thee be past,
Ierne still one ray of glory gives,
And feels but half thy loss while Grattan lives.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

To the foregoing Poem, as first published, were subjoined, in the shape of a Note, or Appendix, the following remarks on the History and Music of Ireland. This fragment was originally intended to form part of a Preface to the Irish Melodies; but afterwards, for some reason which I do not now recollect, was thrown aside.

* * * * *

Our history, for many centuries past, is creditable neither to our neighbours nor ourselves, and ought not to be read by any Irishman who wishes either to love England or to feel proud of Ireland. The loss of independence very early debased our character; and our feuds and rebellions, though frequent and ferocious, but seldom displayed that generous spirit of enterprise with which the pride of an independent monarchy so long dignified the struggles of Scotland. It is true this island has given birth to heroes who, under more favourable circumstances, might have left in the hearts of their countrymen recollections as dear as those of a Bruce or a Wallace; but success was wanting to consecrate resistance, their cause was brand-

ed with the disheartening name of treason, and their oppressed country was such a blank among nations, that, like the adventures of those woods which Rinaldo wished to explore, the fame of their actions was lost in the obscurity of the place where they achieved them.

—— Errando in quelli boschi
Trovar potria strane avventure e molte,
Ma come i luoghi i fatti ancor son foschi,
Che non se'n ha notizia le più volte.*

Hence is it that the annals of Ireland, through a lapse of six hundred years, exhibit not one of those shining names, not one of those themes of national pride, from which poetry borrows her noblest inspiration; and that history, which ought to be the richest garden of the Muse, yields no growth to her in this hapless island but cypress and weeds. In truth, the poet who would embellish his song with allusions to Irish names and events, must be contented to seek them in those early periods when our character was yet unalloyed and original, before the impolitic craft of our conquerors had divided, weakened, and disgraced us. The sole traits of heroism, indeed, which he can venture at this day to commemorate, either with safety to himself, or honour to his country, are to be looked for in those ancient times when the native monarchs of Ireland displayed and fostered virtues worthy of a better age; when our Malachies wore around their necks collars of gold which they had won in single combat from the

* Ariosto, canto iv.

invader*, and our Briens deserved and won the warm affections of a people by exhibiting all the most estimable qualities of a king. It may be said that the magic of tradition has shed a charm over this remote period, to which it is in reality but little entitled, and that most of the pictures, which we dwell on so fondly, of days when this island was distinguished amidst the gloom of Europe, by the sanctity of her morals, the spirit of her knighthood, and the polish of her schools, are little more than the inventions of national partiality, — that bright but spurious offspring which vanity engenders upon ignorance, and with which the first records of every people abound. But the sceptic is scarcely to be envied who would pause for stronger proofs than we already possess of the early glories of Ireland ; and were even the veracity of all these proofs surrendered, yet who would not fly to such flattering fictions from the sad degrading truths which the history of later times presents to us ?

The language of sorrow, however, is, in general, best suited to our Music, and with themes of this nature the poet may be amply supplied. There is scarcely a page of our annals that will not furnish him a subject, and while the national Muse of other countries adorns her temple proudly with trophies of the past, in Ireland her melancholy altar, like the shrine of Pity at Athens, is to be known only by the tears that are shed upon it; "*lacrymis altaria sudant.*" †

* See Warner's History of Ireland, vol. i. book ix.

† Statius, Thebaid. lib. xii.

There is a well-known story, related of the Antiochians under the reign of Theodosius, which is not only honourable to the powers of music in general, but which applies so peculiarly to the mournful melodies of Ireland, that I cannot resist the temptation of introducing it here. — The piety of Theodosius, would have been admirable, had it not been stained with intolerance; but under his reign was, I believe, first set the example of a disqualifying penal code enacted by Christians against Christians.* Whether his interference with the religion of the Antiochians had any share in the alienation of their loyalty is not expressly ascertained by historians; but severe edicts, heavy taxation, and the rapacity and insolence of the men whom he sent to govern them, sufficiently account for the discontents of a warm and susceptible people. Repentance soon followed the crimes into which their impatience had hurried them; but the vengeance of the Emperor was implacable, and punishments of the most dreadful nature hung over the city of Antioch, whose devoted inhabitants,

* "A sort of civil excommunication (says Gibbon), which separated them from their fellow-citizens by a peculiar brand of infamy; and this declaration of the supreme magistrate tended to justify, or at least to excuse, the insults of a fanatic populace. The sectaries were gradually disqualified for the possession of honourable or lucrative employments, and Theodosius was satisfied with his own justice when he decreed, that, as the Eunomians distinguished the nature of the Son from that of the Father, they should be incapable of making their wills, or of receiving any advantage from testamentary donations."

totally resigned to despondence, wandered through the streets and public assemblies, giving utterance to their grief in dirges of the most touching lamentation.* At length, Flavianus, their bishop, whom they had sent to intercede with Theodosius, finding all his entreaties coldly rejected, adopted the expedient of teaching these songs of sorrow which he had heard from the lips of his unfortunate countrymen to the minstrels who performed for the Emperor at table. The heart of Theodosius could not resist this appeal; tears fell fast into his cup while he listened, and the Antiochians were forgiven. — Surely, if music ever spoke the misfortunes of a people, or could ever conciliate forgiveness for their errors, the music of Ireland ought to possess those powers.

* Μελη τινα ολοφυρμου πληρη και συμπαθειας συνθεμενοι, ταις μελωδιαις επηδον. — *Nicephor.* lib. xii. cap. 43. This story is told also in Sozomen, lib. vii. cap. 23.; but unfortunately Chrysostom says nothing whatever about it, and he not only had the best opportunities of information, but was too fond of music, as appears by his praises of psalmody (Exposit. in Psalm xli.), to omit such a flattering illustration of its powers. He imputes their reconciliation to the interference of the Antiochian solitaries, while Zozimus attributes it to the remonstrances of the sophist Libanius. — Gibbon, I think, does not even allude to this story of the musicians.

THE

SCEPTIC,

A PHILOSOPHICAL SATIRE.

Νομος παντων βασιλεα.
PINDAR. *ap. Herodot.* lib. iii.

PREFACE.

THE Sceptical Philosophy of the Ancients has been no less misrepresented than the Epicurean. Pyrrho may perhaps have carried it to rather an irrational excess; — but we must not believe, with Beattie, all the absurdities imputed to this philosopher; and it appears to me that the doctrines of the school, as explained by Sextus Empiricus *, are far more suited to the wants and infirmities of human reason, as well as more conducive to the mild virtues of humility and patience, than any of those systems of philo-

* Pyrrh. Hypoth. — The reader may find a tolerably clear abstract of this work of Sextus Empiricus in La Vérité des Sciences, by Mersenne, liv. i. chap. ii. &c.

sophy which preceded the introduction of Christianity. The Sceptics may be said to have held a middle path between the Dogmatists and Academicians; the former of whom boasted that they had attained the truth, while the latter denied that any attainable truth existed. The Sceptics, however, without either asserting or denying its existence, professed to be modestly and anxiously in search of it; or, as St. Augustine expresses it, in his liberal tract against the Manichæans, "nemo nostrum dicat jam se invenisse veritatem; sic eam quæramus quasi ab utrisque nesciatur." * From this habit of impartial investigation, and the necessity which it imposed upon them, of studying not only every system of philosophy, but every art and science, which professed to lay its basis in truth, they necessarily took a wider range of erudition, and were far more travelled in the regions of philosophy than

* Lib. contra Epist. Manichæi quam vocant Fundamenti, Op. Paris. tom. vi.

those whom conviction or bigotry had domesticated in any particular system. It required all the learning of dogmatism to overthrow the dogmatism of learning; and the Sceptics may be said to resemble, in this respect, that ancient incendiary, who stole from the altar the fire with which he destroyed the temple. This advantage over all the other sects is allowed to them even by Lipsius, whose treatise on the miracles of the Virgo Hallensis will sufficiently save him from all suspicion of scepticism. "Labore, ingenio, memoria," he says, "supra omnes pene philosophos fuisse. — Quid nonne omnia aliorum secta tenere debuerunt et inquirere, si poterunt refellere? res dicit. Nonne orationes varias, raras, subtiles inveniri ad tam receptas, claras, certas (ut videbatur) sententias evertendas?" &c. &c. * — *Manuduct. ad Philosoph. Stoic.* Dissert. 4.

Between the scepticism of the ancients and

* See Martin. Schoockius de Scepticismo, who endeavours, —weakly, I think, — to refute this opinion of Lipsius.

the moderns the great difference is, that the former doubted for the purpose of investigating, as may be exemplified by the third book of Aristotle's Metaphysics *, while the latter investigate for the purpose of doubting, as may be seen through most of the philosophical works of Hume.† Indeed, the Pyrrhonism of latter days is not only more subtle than that of antiquity, but, it must be confessed, more dangerous in its tendency. The happiness of a Christian depends so essentially upon his belief, that it is but natural he should feel alarm at the progress of doubt, lest it should steal by degrees into that region from which he is most interested in excluding it, and poison at last the very spring of his consolation and hope. Still, however, the abuses of doubting ought not to deter a philo-

* Εστι δε τοισε υπορησαι βουλομενοις προυργου το διαπορησαι καλως. — *Metaphys.* lib. iii. cap. 1.

† Neither Hume, however, nor Berkeley, are to be judged by the misrepresentations of Beattie, whose book, however amiably intended, puts forth a most unphilosophical appeal to popular feelings and prejudices, and is a continued *petitio principii* throughout.

sophical mind from indulging mildly and rationally in its use; and there is nothing, surely, more consistent with the meek spirit of Christianity, than that humble scepticism which professes not to extend its distrust beyond the circle of human pursuits, and the pretensions of human knowledge. A follower of this school may be among the readiest to admit the claims of a superintending Intelligence upon his faith and adoration: it is only to the wisdom of this weak world that he refuses, or at least delays, his assent;—it is only in passing through the shadow of earth that his mind undergoes the eclipse of scepticism. No follower of Pyrrho has ever spoken more strongly against the dogmatists than St. Paul himself, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians; and there are passages in Ecclesiastes and other parts of Scripture, which justify our utmost diffidence in all that human reason originates. Even the Sceptics of antiquity refrained carefully from the mysteries of theology, and, in entering the temples of religion, laid aside

their philosophy at the porch. Sextus Empiricus thus declares the acquiescence of his sect in the general belief of a divine and fore-knowing Power:—Τῳ μεν βιῳ κατακολουθουντες αδοξαστως φαμεν ειναι θεους και σεβομεν θεους και προνοειν αυτους φαμεν.* In short, it appears to me, that this rational and well-regulated scepticism is the only daughter of the Schools that can safely be selected as a handmaid for Piety. He who distrusts the light of reason, will be the first to follow a more luminous guide; and if, with an ardent love for truth, he has sought her in vain through the ways of this life, he will but turn with the more hope to that better world, where all is simple, true, and everlasting: for, there is no parallax at the zenith;—it is only near our troubled horizon that objects deceive us into vague and erroneous calculations.

* Lib. iii. cap. 1.

THE SCEPTIC.

As the gay tint, that decks the vernal rose *,
Not in the flower, but in our vision glows;
As the ripe flavour of Falernian tides
Not in the wine, but in our taste resides;

* "The particular bulk, number, figure, and motion of the parts of fire or snow are really in them, whether any one perceive them or not, and therefore they may be called real qualities, because they really exist in those bodies; but light, heat, whiteness, or coldness, are no more really in them than sickness or pain is in manna. Take away the sensation of them; let not the eye see light or colours, nor the ears hear sounds; let the palate not taste, nor the nose smell, and all colours, tastes, odours, and sounds, as they are such particular ideas, vanish and cease."—*Locke*, book ii. chap. 8.

Bishop Berkeley, it is well known, extended this doctrine even to primary qualities, and supposed that matter itself has but an ideal existence. But, how are we to apply his theory to that period which preceded the formation of man, when our system of sensible things was produced, and the sun shone, and the waters flowed, without any sentient being to witness them? The spectator, whom Whiston supplies, will scarcely solve the difficulty: "To speak my mind freely," says he, "I believe that the Messias was there actually present."—See *Whiston, of the Mosaic Creation.*

So when, with heartfelt tribute, we declare
That Marco's honest and that Susan's fair,
'Tis in our minds, and not in Susan's eyes
Or Marco's life, the worth or beauty lies:
For she, in flat-nosed China, would appear
As plain a thing as Lady Anne is here;
And one light joke at rich Loretto's dome
Would rank good Marco with the damn'd at Rome.

There's no deformity so vile, so base,
That 'tis not somewhere thought a charm, a grace;
No foul reproach, that may not steal a beam
From other suns, to bleach it to esteem. *

* Boetius employs this argument of the Sceptics among his consolatory reflections upon the emptiness of fame. "Quid quod diversarum gentium mores inter se atque instituta discordant, ut quod apud alios laude, apud alios supplicio dignum judicetur?" — Lib. ii. prosa 7. Many amusing instances of diversity, in the tastes, manners, and morals of different nations, may be found throughout the works of that amusing Sceptic Le Mothe le Vayer. — See his Opuscule Sceptique, his Treatise "De la Secte Sceptique," and, above all, those Dialogues, not to be found in his works, which he published under the name of Horatius Tubero. — The chief objection to these writings of Le Vayer (and it is a blemish which may be felt also in the Esprit des Loix), is the suspicious obscurity of the sources from whence he frequently draws his

Ask, who is wise? — you'll find the self-same man
A sage in France, a madman in Japan;
And *here* some head beneath a mitre swells,
Which *there* had tingled to a cap and bells:
Nay, there may yet some monstrous region be,
Unknown to Cook, and from Napoleon free,
Where C—stl—r—gh would for a patriot pass,
And mouthing M——ve scarce be deem'd an ass!

"List not to reason (Epicurus cries),
"But trust the senses, *there* conviction lies *:"—

instances, and the indiscriminate use made by him of the lowest populace of the library, — those lying travellers and wonder-mongers, of whom Shaftesbury, in his Advice to an Author, complains, as having tended in his own time to the diffusion of a very shallow and vicious sort of scepticism. — Vol. i. p. 352. The Pyrrhonism of Le Vayer, however, is of the most innocent and playful kind; and Villemandy, the author of Scepticismus Debellatus, exempts him specially in the declaration of war which he denounces against the other armed neutrals of the sect, in consideration of the orthodox limits within which he confines his incredulity.

* This was the creed also of those modern Epicureans, whom Ninon de l'Enclos collected around her in the Rue des Tournelles, and whose object seems to have been to decry the faculty of reason, as tending only to embarrass our wholesome use of pleasures, without enabling us, in any degree, to avoid their abuse. Madame des Houlières, the fair pupil of Des

Alas! *they* judge not by a purer light,
Nor keep their fountains more untinged and bright:
Habit so mars them, that the Russian swain
Will sigh for train-oil, while he sips Champagne;
And health so rules them, that a fever's heat
Would make even Sh—r—d—n think water sweet.

Barreaux in the arts of poetry and gallantry, has devoted most of her verses to this laudable purpose, and is even such a determined foe to reason, that, in one of her pastorals, she congratulates her sheep on the want of it. St. Evremont speaks thus upon the subject: —

" Un mélange incertain d'esprit et de matière
Nous fait vivre avec trop ou trop peu de lumière.
. . . . . .
Nature, élève-nous à la clarté des anges,
Ou nous abaise au sens des simples animaux."

Which may be thus paraphrased: —

Had man been made, at nature's birth,
Of only flame or only earth,
Had he been form'd a perfect whole
Of purely *that*, or grossly *this*,
Then sense would ne'er have clouded soul,
Nor soul restrain'd the sense's bliss.
Oh happy, had his light been strong,
Or had he never shared a light,
Which shines enough to show he's wrong,
But *not* enough to lead him right.

Just as the mind the erring sense * believes,
The erring mind, in turn, the sense deceives;
And cold disgust can find but wrinkles there,
Where passion fancies all that's smooth and fair.

* See, among the fragments of Petronius, those verses beginning "Fallunt nos oculi," &c. The most sceptical of the ancient poets was Euripides; and it would, I think, puzzle the whole school of Pyrrho to produce a doubt more startling than the following: —

Τις δ' οιδεν ει ζην τουθ' ὁ κεκληται θανειν,
Το ζην δε θνησκειν εστι.

See Laert. in Pyrrh.

Socrates and Plato were the grand sources of ancient scepticism. According to Cicero (de Orator. lib. iii.), they supplied Arcesilas with the doctrines of the Middle Academy; and how closely these resembled the tenets of the Sceptics, may be seen even in Sextus Empiricus (lib. i. cap. 33.), who, with all his distinctions, can scarcely prove any difference. It appears strange that Epicurus should have been a dogmatist; and his natural temper would most probably have led him to the repose of scepticism, had not the Stoics, by their violent opposition to his doctrines, compelled him to be as obstinate as themselves. Plutarch, indeed, in reporting some of his opinions, represents him as having delivered them with considerable hesitation. — Επικουρος ουδεν απογινωσκει τουτων, εχομενος του ενδεχομενου. — *De Placit. Philosoph.* lib. ii. cap. 13. See also the 21st and 22d chapters. But that the leading characteristics of the sect were self-sufficiency and dogmatism, appears from what Cicero says of Velleius, *De Natur. Deor.* — "Tum Velleius, fidenter sanè, ut solent isti, nihil tam verens quam ne dubitare aliquâ de re videretur."

P * * * *, who sees, upon his pillow laid,
A face for which ten thousand pounds were paid,
Can tell, how quick before a jury flies
The spell that mock'd the warm seducer's eyes.

Self is the medium through which Judgment's ray
Can seldom pass without being turn'd astray.
The smith of Ephesus * thought Dian's shrine,
By which his craft most throve, the most divine;
And ev'n the *true* faith seems not half so true,
When link'd with *one* good living as with *two*.
Had W—lc—t first been pension'd by the throne,
Kings would have suffer'd by his praise alone;
And P—ine perhaps, for something snug per ann.,
Had laugh'd, like W—ll—sley, at all Rights of Man.

But 'tis not only individual minds,—
Whole nations, too, the same delusion blinds.
Thus England, hot from Denmark's smoking meads,
Turns up her eyes at Gallia's guilty deeds;

* *Acts*, chap. xix. "For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made silver shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen."

Thus, self-pleas'd still, the same dishonouring chain
She binds in Ireland, she would break in Spain;
While prais'd at distance, but at home forbid,
Rebels in Cork are patriots at Madrid.

If Grotius be thy guide, shut, shut the book,—
In force alone for Laws of Nations look.
Let shipless Danes and whining yankees dwell
On naval rights, with Grotius and Vattel,
While C—bb—t's pirate code alone appears
Sound moral sense to England and Algiers.

Woe to the Sceptic, in these party days,
Who wafts to neither shrine his puffs of praise!
For him no pension pours its annual fruits,
No fertile sinecure spontaneous shoots;
Not *his* the meed that crown'd Don H—kh—m's rhyme,
Nor sees he e'er, in dreams of future time,
Those shadowy forms of sleek reversions rise,
So dear to Scotchmen's second-sighted eyes.
Yet who, that looks to History's damning leaf,
Where Whig and Tory, thief opposed to thief,

On either side in lofty shame are seen *,
While Freedom's form hangs crucified between —
Who, B—rd—tt, who such rival rogues can see,
But flies from *both* to Honesty and thee?

If, weary of the world's bewildering maze †,
Hopeless of finding, through its weedy ways,
One flower of truth, the busy crowd we shun,
And to the shades of tranquil learning run,
How many a doubt pursues! ‡ how oft we sigh,
When histories charm, to think that histories lie!!

* "Those two thieves," says Ralph, "between whom the nation is crucified."— *Use and Abuse of Parliaments.*

† The agitation of the ship is one of the chief difficulties which impede the discovery of the longitude at sea; and the tumult and hurry of life are equally unfavourable to that calm level of mind which is necessary to an inquirer after truth.

In the mean time, our modest Sceptic, in the absence of truth, contents himself with probabilities, resembling in this respect those suitors of Penelope, who, on finding that they could not possess the mistress herself, very wisely resolved to put up with her maids; τῃ Πηνελοπῃ πλησιαζειν μη δυναμενοι, ταις ταυτης εμιγνυντο θεραπαιναις.— *Plutarch*, Περι Παιδων Αγωγης.

‡ See a curious work, entitled "Reflections upon Learning," written on the plan of Agrippa's "De Vanitate Scientiarum," but much more honestly and skilfully executed.

That all are grave romances, at the best,
And M—sgr—ve's * but more clumsy than the rest.
By Tory Hume's seductive page beguiled,
We fancy Charles was just and Strafford mild †;
And Fox himself, with party pencil, draws
Monmouth a hero, "for the good old cause!" ‡

* This historian of the Irish rebellions has outrun even his predecessor in the same task, Sir John Temple, for whose character with respect to veracity the reader may consult Carte's Collection of Ormond's Original Papers, p. 207. See also Dr. Nalson's account of him, in the introduction to the second volume of his Historic. Collect.

† He defends Strafford's conduct as "innocent and even laudable." In the same spirit, speaking of the arbitrary sentences of the Star Chamber, he says, — "The severity of the Star Chamber, which was generally ascribed to Laud's passionate disposition, was perhaps, in itself, somewhat blameable."

‡ That flexibility of temper and opinion, which the habits of scepticism are so calculated to produce, are thus pleaded for by Mr. Fox, in the very sketch of Monmouth to which I allude; and this part of the picture the historian may be thought to have drawn from himself. "One of the most conspicuous features in his character seems to have been a remarkable, and, as some think, a culpable degree of flexibility. That such a disposition is preferable to its opposite extreme will be admitted by all, who think that modesty, even in excess, is more nearly allied to wisdom than conceit and self-sufficiency.

Then, rights are wrongs, and victories are defeats,
As French or English pride the tale repeats;
And, when they tell Corunna's story o'er,
They'll disagree in all, but honouring Moore:
Nay, future pens, to flatter future courts,
May cite perhaps the Park-guns' gay reports,
To prove that England triumph'd on the morn
Which found her Junot's jest and Europe's scorn.

In science, too — how many a system, raised
Like Neva's icy domes, awhile hath blazed
With lights of fancy and with forms of pride,
Then, melting, mingled with the oblivious tide!

He who has attentively considered the political, or indeed the general concerns of life, may possibly go still further, and may rank a willingness to be convinced, or, in some cases, even without conviction, to concede our own opinion to that of other men, among the principal ingredients in the composition of practical wisdom." — It is right to observe, however, that the Sceptic's readiness of concession arises rather from uncertainty than conviction, more from a suspicion that his own opinion may be wrong, than from any persuasion that the opinion of his adversary is right. "It may be so," was the courteous and sceptical formula, with which the Dutch were accustomed to reply to the statements of ambassadors. See *Lloyd's State Worthies,* art. Sir Thomas Wyat.

Now Earth usurps the centre of the sky,
Now Newton puts the paltry planet by;
Now whims revive beneath Descartes's * pen,
Which *now*, assail'd by Locke's, expire again.
And when, perhaps, in pride of chemic powers,
We think the keys of Nature's kingdom ours,
Some Davy's magic touch the dream unsettles,
And turns at once our alkalis to metals.
Or, should we roam, in metaphysic maze,
Through fair-built theories of former days,
Some Dr—mm—d † from the north, more ably skill'd,
Like other Goths, to ruin than to build,

* Descartes, who is considered as the parent of modern scepticism, says, that there is nothing in the whole range of philosophy which does not admit of two opposite opinions, and which is not involved in doubt and uncertainty. "In Philosophia nihil adhuc reperiri, de quo non in utramque partem disputatur, hoc est, quod non sit incertum et dubium." Gassendi is likewise to be added to the list of modern Sceptics, and Wedderkopff, in his Dissertation "De Scepticismo profano et sacro" (Argentorat. 1666), has denounced Erasmus also as a follower of Pyrrho, for his opinions upon the Trinity, and some other subjects. To these if we add the names of Bayle, Mallebranche, Dryden, Locke, &c. &c., I think there is no one who need be ashamed of doubting in such company.

† See this gentleman's Academic Questions.

Tramples triumphant through our fanes o'erthrown,
Nor leaves one grace, one glory of his own.

Oh Learning, whatsoe'er thy pomp and boast,
*Un*letter'd minds have taught and charm'd men most.
The rude, unread Columbus was our guide
To worlds, which learn'd Lactantius had denied;
And one wild Shakspeare, following Nature's lights,
Is worth whole planets, fill'd with Stagyrites.

See grave Theology, when once she strays
From Revelation's path, what tricks she plays;
What various heav'ns, — all fit for bards to sing, —
Have churchmen dream'd, from Papias * down to King! †

* Papias lived about the time of the apostles, and is supposed to have given birth to the heresy of the Chiliastæ, whose heaven was by no means of a spiritual nature, but rather an anticipation of the Prophet of Hera's elysium. See Eusebius, Hist. Ecclesiast. lib. iii. cap. 33., and Hieronym. de Scriptor. Ecclesiast. — From all I can find in these authors concerning Papias, it seems hardly fair to impute to him those gross imaginations in which the believers of the sensual millennium indulged.

† King, in his Morsels of Criticism, vol. i., supposes the sun to be the receptacle of blessed spirits.

While hell itself, in India nought but smoke *,
In Spain's a furnace, and in France — a joke.

Hail, modest Ignorance, thou goal and prize,
Thou last, best knowledge of the simply wise!
Hail, humble Doubt, when error's waves are past,
How sweet to reach thy shelter'd port † at last,
And, there, by changing skies nor lured nor awed,
Smile at the battling winds that roar abroad.
There gentle Charity, who knows how frail
The bark of Virtue, even in summer's gale,
Sits by the nightly fire, whose beacon glows
For all who wander, whether friends or foes.
There Faith retires, and keeps her white sail furl'd,
Till call'd to spread it for a better world;

* The Indians call hell "the House of Smoke." See Picart upon the Religion of the Banians. The reader who is curious about infernal matters, may be edified by consulting Rusca de Inferno, particularly lib. ii. cap. 7, 8., where he will find the precise sort of fire ascertained in which wicked spirits are to be burned hereafter.

† "Chère Sceptique, douce pâture de mon ame, et l'unique port de salut à un esprit qui aime le repos!" — *La Mothe le Vayer.*

While Patience, watching on the weedy shore,
And, mutely waiting till the storm be o'er,
Oft turns to Hope, who still directs her eye
To some blue spot, just breaking in the sky!

Such are the mild, the blest associates given
To him who doubts, — and trusts in nought but Heaven!

TWOPENNY POST-BAG.

BY

THOMAS BROWN,

THE YOUNGER.

Elapsæ manibus secidère tabellæ. OVID.

DEDICATION.

TO

STEPHEN WOOLRICHE, ESQ.

My dear Woolriche,

It is now about seven years since I promised (and I grieve to think it is almost as long since we met) to dedicate to you the very first Book, of whatever size or kind, I should publish. Who could have thought that so many years would elapse, without my giving the least signs of life upon the subject of this important promise? Who could have imagined that a volume of doggerel, after all, would be the first offering that Gratitude would lay upon the shrine of Friendship?

If you continue, however, to be as much interested about me and my pursuits as formerly, you will be happy to hear that doggerel is not my *only* occupation; but that I am preparing to throw my name to the Swans of the Temple of Immortality*, leaving it, of course, to the said Swans to determine, whether they ever will take the trouble of picking it from the stream.

In the mean time, my dear Woolriche, like an orthodox Lutheran, you must judge of me rather by my *faith* than my *works;* and however trifling the tribute which I here offer, never doubt the fidelity with which I am, and always shall be,

Your sincere and
attached friend,

THE AUTHOR.

March 4. 1813.

* Ariosto, canto 35.

PREFACE.

The Bag, from which the following Letters are selected, was dropped by a Twopenny Postman about two months since, and picked up by an emissary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, who, supposing it might materially assist the private researches of that Institution, immediately took it to his employers, and was rewarded handsomely for his trouble. Such a treasury of secrets was worth a whole host of informers; and, accordingly, like the Cupids of the poet (if I may use so profane a simile) who "fell at odds about the sweet-bag of a bee *," those venerable Suppressors almost fought with

* Herrick.

each other for the honour and delight of first ransacking the Post-Bag. Unluckily, however, it turned out, upon examination, that the discoveries of profligacy which it enabled them to make, lay chiefly in those upper regions of society, which their well-bred regulations forbid them to molest or meddle with. — In consequence, they gained but very few victims by their prize, and, after lying for a week or two under Mr. Hatchard's counter, the Bag, with its violated contents, was sold for a trifle to a friend of mine.

It happened that I had been just then seized with an ambition (having never tried the strength of my wing but in a Newspaper) to publish something or other in the shape of a Book; and it occurred to me that, the present being such a letter-writing era, a few of these Twopenny-Post Epistles, turned into easy verse, would be as light and popular a task as I could possibly select for a commencement. I did not, however, think it prudent to give too many Letters at

first, and, accordingly, have been obliged (in order to eke out a sufficient number of pages) to reprint some of those trifles, which had already appeared in the public journals. As in the battles of ancient times, the shades of the departed were sometimes seen among the combatants, so I thought I might manage to remedy the thinness of my ranks, by conjuring up a few dead and forgotten ephemerons to fill them.

Such are the motives and accidents that led to the present publication; and as this is the first time my Muse has ever ventured out of the go-cart of a Newspaper, though I feel all a parent's delight at seeing little Miss go alone, I am also not without a parent's anxiety, lest an unlucky fall should be the consequence of the experiment; and I need not point out how many living instances might be found, of Muses that have suffered very severely in their heads, from taking rather too early and rashly to their feet. Besides, a Book is so very different a thing

from a Newspaper! — in the former, your doggerel, without either company or shelter, must stand shivering in the middle of a bleak page by itself; whereas, in the latter, it is comfortably backed by advertisements, and has sometimes even a Speech of Mr. St—ph—n's, or something equally warm, for a *chaûffe-pié* — so that, in general, the very reverse of "laudatur et alget" is its destiny.

Ambition, however, must run some risks, and I shall be very well satisfied if the reception of these few Letters, should have the effect of sending me to the Post-Bag for more.

PREFACE

TO THE FOURTEENTH EDITION.

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

In the absence of Mr. Brown, who is at present on a tour through ———, I feel myself called upon, as his friend, to notice certain misconceptions and misrepresentations, to which this little volume of Trifles has given rise.

In the first place, it is not true that Mr. Brown has had any accomplices in the work. A note, indeed, which has hitherto accompanied his Preface, may very naturally have been the origin of such a supposition; but that note, which was merely the coquetry of an author, I have, in the present edition, taken upon myself to remove, and Mr. Brown must therefore be

considered (like the mother of that unique production, the Centaur, *μονα και μονον**) as alone responsible for the whole contents of the volume.

In the next place it has been said, that in consequence of this graceless little book, a certain distinguished Personage prevailed upon another distinguished Personage to withdraw from the author that notice and kindness with which he had so long and so liberally honoured him. In this story there is not one syllable of truth. For the magnanimity of the *former* of these persons I would, indeed, in no case answer too rashly: but of the conduct of the *latter* towards my friend, I have a proud gratification in declaring, that it has never ceased to be such as he must remember with indelible gratitude;—a gratitude the more cheerfully and warmly paid, from its not being a debt incurred solely on his own account, but for kindness shared with those nearest and dearest to him.

* Pindar, Pyth. 2. — My friend certainly cannot add *ουτ' εν ανδρασι γερασφορον*.

To the charge of being an Irishman, poor Mr. Brown pleads guilty; and I believe it must also be acknowledged that he comes of a Roman Catholic family: an avowal which I am aware is decisive of his utter reprobation, in the eyes of those exclusive patentees of Christianity, so worthy to have been the followers of a certain enlightened Bishop, Donatus *, who held "that God is in Africa *and not elsewhere*." But from all this it does not necessarily follow that Mr. Brown is a Papist; and, indeed, I have the strongest reasons for suspecting that they, who say so, are somewhat mistaken. Not that I presume to have ascertained his opinions upon such subjects. All I profess to know of his orthodoxy is, that he has a Protestant wife and two or three little Protestant children, and that he has been seen at church every Sunday, for a whole year together, listening to the sermons of his truly reverend and amiable friend,

* Bishop of Casæ Nigræ, in the fourth century.

Dr. ————, and behaving there as well and as orderly as most people.

There are yet a few other mistakes and falsehoods about Mr. Brown, to which I had intended, with all becoming gravity, to advert; but I begin to think the task is quite as useless as it is tiresome. Misrepresentations and calumnies of this sort are, like the arguments and statements of Dr. Duigenan, — not at all the less vivacious or less serviceable to their fabricators, for having been refuted and disproved a thousand times over. They are brought forward again, as good as new, whenever malice or stupidity may be in want of them; and are quite as useful as the old broken lantern, in Fielding's Amelia, which the watchman always keeps ready by him, to produce, in proof of riotous conduct, against his victims. I shall therefore give up the fruitless toil of vindication, and would even draw my pen over what I have already written, had I not promised to furnish my publisher with a Preface, and

know not how else I could contrive to eke it out.

I have added two or three more trifles to this edition, which I found in the Morning Chronicle, and knew to be from the pen of my friend. The rest of the volume remains* in its original state.

April 20. 1814.

* A new reading has been suggested in the original of the Ode of Horace, freely translated by Lord Eld—n, page 189. In the line "Sive per Syrteis iter æstuosas," it is proposed, by a very trifling alteration, to read "*Surtees*," instead of "Syrteis," which brings the Ode, it is said, more home to the noble translator, and gives a peculiar force and aptness to the epithet "æstuosas." I merely throw out this emendation for the learned, being unable myself to decide upon its merits.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS,

&c.

LETTER I.

FROM THE PR—NC—SS CH—RL—E OF W—L—S
TO THE LADY B—RB—A ASHL—Y.*

My dear Lady Bab, you'll be shock'd, I'm afraid,
When you hear the sad rumpus your Ponies have made;
Since the time of horse-consuls (now long out of date),
No nags ever made such a stir in the state.
Lord Eld—n first heard — and as instantly pray'd he
To "God and his King"—that a Popish young Lady

* This young Lady, who is a Roman Catholic, had lately made a present of some beautiful Ponies to the Pr—nc—ss.

(For though you've bright eyes and twelve thousand
a year,
It is still but too true you're a Papist, my dear,)
Had insidiously sent, by a tall Irish groom,
Two priest-ridden Ponies, just landed from Rome,
And so full, little rogues, of pontifical tricks,
That the dome of St. Paul's was scarce safe from
their kicks.

Off at once to Papa, in a flurry he flies —
For Papa always does what these statesmen advise,
On condition that they'll be, in turn, so polite
As in no case whate'er to advise him *too right* —
" Pretty doings are here, Sir (he angrily cries,
While by dint of dark eyebrows he strives to look
wise) —
" 'Tis a scheme of the Romanists, so help me God!
" To ride over your *most* Royal Highness rough-
shod —
" Excuse, Sir, my tears — they're from loyalty's
source —
" Bad enough 'twas for Troy to be sack'd by a
Horse,
" But for us to be ruin'd by *Ponies* still worse!"

Quick a Council is call'd — the whole Cabinet sits —
The Archbishops declare, frighten'd out of their wits,
That if once Popish Ponies should eat at my manger,
From that awful moment the Church is in danger!
As, give them but stabling, and shortly no stalls
Will suit their proud stomachs but those at St. Paul's.

The Doctor *, and he, the devout man of Leather †,
V—ns—tt—t, now laying their Saint-heads together,
Declare that these skittish young *a*-bominations
Are clearly foretold in Chap. vi. Revelations —
Nay, they verily think they could point out the one
Which the Doctor's friend Death was to canter upon.

Lord H—rr—by, hoping that no one imputes
To the Court any fancy to persecute brutes,
Protests, on the word of himself and his cronies,
That had these said creatures been Asses, not Ponies,
The Court would have started no sort of objection,
As Asses were, *there*, always sure of protection.

* Mr. Addington, so nicknamed.

† Alluding to a tax lately laid upon leather.

" If the Pr—nc—ss *will* keep them (says Lord
C—stl—r—gh),
" To make them quite harmless, the only true way
" Is (as certain Chief Justices do with their wives)
" To flog them within half an inch of their lives.
" If they've any bad Irish blood lurking about,
" This (he knew by experience) would soon draw
it out."
Should this be thought cruel, his Lordship proposes
" The new *Veto* snaffle* to bind down their noses—
" A pretty contrivance, made out of old chains,
" Which appears to indulge, while it doubly restrains;
" Which, however high-mettled, their gamesomeness
checks
" (Adds his Lordship humanely), or else breaks their
necks!"

This proposal receiv'd pretty general applause
From the Statesmen around — and the neck-break-
ing clause

* The question whether a Veto was to be allowed to the Crown in the appointment of Irish Catholic Bishops was, at this time, very generally and actively agitated.

Had a vigour about it, which soon reconcil'd
Even Eld—n himself to a measure so mild.
So the snaffles, my dear, were agreed to *nem. con.*,
And my Lord C—stl—r—gh, having so often shone
In the *fettering* line, is to buckle them on.

I shall drive to your door in these *Vetos* some day,
But, at present, adieu! — I must hurry away
To go see my Mamma, as I'm suffer'd to meet her
For just half an hour by the Qu—n's best repeater.

CH—RL—TTE.

LETTER II.

FROM COLONEL M'M—H—N TO G—LD FR—NC—S L—CKIE, ESQ.

Dear Sir, I've just had time to look
Into your very learned Book *,
Wherein — as plain as man can speak,
Whose English is half modern Greek —
You prove that we can ne'er intrench
Our happy isles against the French,
Till Royalty in England's made
A much more independent trade; —
In short, until the House of Guelph
Lays Lords and Commons on the shelf,
And boldly sets up for itself.

* For an account of this extraordinary work of Mr. Leckie, see the Edinburgh Review, vol. xx.

All, that can well be understood
In this said Book, is vastly good;
And, as to what's incomprehensible,
I dare be sworn 'tis full as sensible.

But, to your work's immortal credit,
The Pr—n—e, good Sir, the Pr—n—e has read it
(The only Book, himself remarks,
Which he has read since Mrs. Clarke's).
Last levee-morn he look'd it through,
During that awful hour or two
Of grave tonsorial preparation,
Which, to a fond, admiring nation,
Sends forth, announc'd by trump and drum,
The best-wigg'd Pr—n—e in Christendom.

He thinks with you, th' imagination
Of *partnership* in legislation
Could only enter in the noddles
Of dull and ledger-keeping twaddles,
Whose heads on *firms* are running so,
They ev'n must have a King and Co.,
And hence, most eloquently show forth
On *checks* and *balances*, and so forth.

But now, he trusts, we're coming near a
Far more royal, loyal era;
When England's monarch need but say,
"Whip me those scoundrels, C—stl—r—gh!"
Or, "Hang me up those Papists, Eld—n,"
And 'twill be done — ay, faith, and well done.

With view to which, I've his command
To beg, Sir, from your travell'd hand,
(Round which the foreign graces swarm*)
A Plan of radical Reform;
Compil'd and chos'n as best you can,
In Turkey or at Ispahan,
And quite upturning, branch and root,
Lords, Commons, and Burdétt to boot.

But, pray, whate'er you may impart, write
Somewhat more brief than Major C—rtwr—ght:
Else, though the Pr——e be long in rigging,
'Twould take, at least, a fortnight's wigging, —

* "The truth indeed seems to be, that having lived so long abroad as evidently to have lost, in a great degree, the use of his native language, Mr. Leckie has gradually come not only to speak, but to feel, like a foreigner."—*Edinburgh Review.*

Two wigs to every paragraph —
Before he well could get through half.

You'll send it also speedily —
As, truth to say, 'twixt you and me,
His Highness, heated by your work,
Already thinks himself Grand Turk!
And you'd have laugh'd, had you seen how
He scar'd the Ch—nc—ll—r just now,
When (on his Lordship's entering puff'd) he
Slapp'd his back and call'd him "Mufti!"

The tailors too have got commands,
To put directly into hands
All sorts of Dulimans and Pouches,
With Sashes, Turbans, and Paboutches,
(While Y—rm—th's sketching out a plan
Of new *Moustaches à l'Ottomane*)
And all things fitting and expedient
To *turkify* our gracious R—g—nt!

You, therefore, have no time to waste —
So, send your System. —

Yours, in haste.

POSTSCRIPT.

Before I send this scrawl away,
I seize a moment, just to say,
There's some parts of the Turkish system
So vulgar, 'twere as well you miss'd 'em.
For instance — in *Seraglio* matters —
Your Turk, whom girlish fondness flatters,
Would fill his Haram (tasteless fool!)
With tittering, red-cheek'd things from school.
But *here* (as in that fairy land,
Where Love and Age went hand in hand*;
Where lips, till sixty, shed no honey,
And Grandams were worth any money,)

* The learned Colonel must allude here to a description of the Mysterious Isle, in the History of Abdalla, Son of Hanif, where such inversions of the order of nature are said to have taken place. — "A score of old women and the same number of old men played here and there in the court, some at chuck-farthing, others at tip-cat or at cockles."— And again, "There is nothing, believe me, more engaging than those lovely wrinkles," &c. &c. — See *Tales of the East*, vol. iii. pp. 607, 608.

Our Sultan has much riper notions —
So, let your list of *she*-promotions
Include those only, plump and sage,
Who've reach'd the *regulation*-age;
That is, (as near as one can fix
From Peerage dates) full fifty-six.

This rule's for *fav'rites* — nothing more —
For, as to *wives*, a Grand Signor,
Though not decidedly *without* them,
Need never care one curse about them.

LETTER III.

FROM G—GE PR—CE R—G—T TO THE E—— OF Y———TH.*

We miss'd you last night at the "hoary old sinner's,"
Who gave us, as usual, the cream of good dinners;
His soups scientific — his fishes quite *prime* —
His pâtés superb — and his cutlets sublime!
In short, 'twas the snug sort of dinner to stir a
Stomachic orgasm in my Lord El—b—gh,
Who *set to*, to be sure, with miraculous force,
And exclaim'd, between mouthfuls, "a *He*-Cook, of course! —
"While you live — (what's there under that cover? pray, look) —
"While you live — (I'll just taste it) — ne'er keep a She-Cook.

* This letter, as the reader will perceive, was written the day after a dinner given by the M—rq—s of H—d—t.

" 'Tis a sound Salic Law — (a small bit of that toast) —
" Which ordains that a female shall ne'er rule the roast;
" For Cookery's a secret — (this turtle's uncommon) —
" Like Masonry, never found out by a woman!"

The dinner, you know, was in gay celebration
Of *my* brilliant triumph and H—nt's condemnation;
A compliment, too, to his Lordship the Judge
For his Speech to the Jury — and zounds! who would grudge
Turtle soup, though it came to five guineas a bowl,
To reward such a loyal and complaisant soul?
We were all in high gig — Roman Punch and Tokay
Travell'd round, till our heads travell'd just the same way;
And we car'd not for Juries or Libels — no — damme! nor
Ev'n for the threats of last Sunday's Examiner!

More good things were eaten than said — but Tom T—rrh—t
In quoting Joe Miller, you know, has some merit;
And, hearing the sturdy Justiciary Chief
Say — sated with turtle — "I'll now try the beef" —
Tommy whisper'd him (giving his Lordship a sly hit)
"I fear 'twill be *hung*-beef, my Lord, if you *try* it!"

And C—md—n was there, who, that morning, had gone
To fit his new Marquis's coronet on;
And the dish set before him—oh dish well-devis'd!—
Was, what old Mother Glasse calls, "a calf's head surpris'd!"
The *brains* were near Sh—ry, and *once* had been fine,
But, of late, they had lain so long soaking in wine,
That, though we, from courtesy, still chose to call
These brains very fine, they were no brains at all.

When the dinner was over, we drank, every one
In a bumper, "the venial delights of Crim. Con.;"

At which H—df—t with warm reminiscences
gloated,
And E—b'r—h chuckled to hear himself quoted.

Our next round of toasts was a fancy quite new,
For we drank—and you'll own 'twas benevolent too—
To those well-meaning husbands, cits, parsons, or
peers,
Whom we've, any time, honour'd by courting their
dears:
This museum of wittols was comical rather;
Old H—df—t gave M—ss—y, and *I* gave your
f—th—r.

In short, not a soul till this morning would
budge—
We were all fun and frolic,—and even the J——e
Laid aside, for the time, his juridical fashion,
And through the whole night wasn't *once* in a passion!

I write this in bed, while my whiskers are airing,
And M—c* has a sly dose of jalap preparing

* Colonel M'Mahon.

For poor T—mmy T—rr—t at breakfast to quaff—
As I feel I want something to give me a laugh,
And there's nothing so good as old T—mmy, kept close
To his Cornwall accounts, after taking a dose.

LETTER IV.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. P—TR—CK D—GEN—N
TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR J—HN N—CH—L.

*Dublin.**

LAST week, dear N—ch—l, making merry
At dinner with our Secretary,
When all were drunk, or pretty near
(The time for doing business here),
Says he to me, " Sweet Bully Bottom!
" These Papist dogs — hiccup — 'od rot 'em! —
" Deserve to be bespatter'd — hiccup —
" With all the dirt ev'n *you* can pick up.
" But, as the Pr—ce (here's to him — fill —
" Hip, hip, hurra!) — is trying still

* This letter, which contained some very heavy enclosures, seems to have been sent to London by a private hand, and then put into the Twopenny Post-Office, to save trouble. See the Appendix.

" To humbug them with kind professions,
" And, as *you* deal in *strong* expressions —
" *Rogue*" — " *traitor*" — hiccup — and all that —
" You must be muzzled, Doctor Pat! —
" You must indeed — hiccup — that's flat." —

Yes — " muzzled" was the word, Sir John —
These fools have clapp'd a muzzle on
The boldest mouth that e'er ran o'er
With slaver of the times of yore! * —
Was it for this that back I went
As far as Lateran and Trent,
To prove that they, who damn'd us then,
Ought now, in turn, be damn'd again? —
The silent victim still to sit
Of Gr—tt—n's fire and C—nn—g's wit,
To hear ev'n noisy M—th—w gabble on,
Nor mention once the W—e of Babylon!
Oh! 'tis too much — who now will be
The Nightman of No-Popery?

* In sending this sheet to the Press, however, I learn that the " muzzle" has been taken off, and the Right Hon. Doctor again let loose!

What Courtier, Saint, or even Bishop,
Such learned filth will ever fish up?
If there among our ranks be one
To take my place, 'tis *thou*, Sir John;
Thou, who, like me, art dubb'd Right Hon.
Like me too, art a Lawyer Civil
That wishes Papists at the devil.

To whom then but to thee, my friend,
Should Patrick * his Port-folio send?
Take it — 'tis thine — his learn'd Port-folio,
With all its theologic olio
Of Bulls, half Irish and half Roman —
Of Doctrines, now believ'd by no man —
Of Councils, held for men's salvation,
Yet always ending in damnation —
(Which shows that, since the world's creation,
Your Priests, whate'er their gentle shamming,
Have always had a taste for damning,)

* A bad name for poetry; but D—gen—n is still worse. — As Prudentius says upon a very different subject —

Torquetur Apollo
Nomine percussus.

And many more such pious scraps,
To prove (what *we've* long prov'd, perhaps,)
That, mad as Christians us'd to be
About the Thirteenth Century,
There still are Christians to be had
In this, the Nineteenth, just as mad!

Farewell — I send with this, dear N—ch—l,
A rod or two I've had in pickle
Wherewith to trim old Gr—tt—n's jacket. —
The rest shall go by Monday's packet.

P. D.

Among the Enclosures in the foregoing Letter was the following "Unanswerable Argument against the Papists."

* * * *

We're told the ancient Roman nation
Made use of spittle in lustration * ;
(*Vide* Lactantium ap. Gallæum —†
i. e. you need not *read* but *see* 'em ;)
Now, Irish Papists, fact surprising,
Make use of spittle in baptizing ;
Which proves them all, O'Finns, O'Fagans,
Connors, and Tooles, all downright Pagans.
This fact's enough ;—let no one tell us
To free such sad, *salivous* fellows.—
No, no — the man, baptiz'd with spittle,
Hath no truth in him — not a tittle !

* * * *

* ——— Lustralibus antè salivis
Expiat. PERS. sat. 2.

† I have taken the trouble of examining the Doctor's reference here, and find him, for once, correct. The following are the words of his indignant referee Gallæus—"Asserere non veremur sacrum baptismum a Papistis profanari, et sputi usum in peccatorum expiatione a Paganis non a Christianis *manâsse*."

LETTER V.

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF C—RK
TO LADY ———.

My dear Lady ———! I've been just sending out
About five hundred cards for a snug little Rout —
(By the bye, you've seen Rokeby?—this moment
got mine —
The Mail-Coach Edition *— prodigiously fine!)
But I can't conceive how, in this very cold weather,
I'm ever to bring my five hundred together;
As, unless the thermometer's near boiling heat,
One can never get half of one's hundreds to meet.
(Apropos — you'd have laugh'd to see Townsend
last night,
Escort to their chairs, with his staff, so polite,
The "three maiden Miseries," all in a fright;

* See Mr. Murray's Advertisement about the Mail-Coach copies of Rokeby.

Poor Townsend, like Mercury, filling two posts,
Supervisor of *thieves*, and chief-usher of *ghosts!*)

But, my dear Lady ———, can't you hit on
some notion,
At least for one night to set London in motion?—
As to having the R—g—nt, *that* show is gone
by—
Besides, I've remark'd that (between you and I)
The Marchesa and he, inconvenient in more ways,
Have taken much lately to whispering in doorways;
Which — consid'ring, you know, dear, the *size* of
the two —
Makes a block that one's company *cannot* get
through;
And a house such as mine is, with doorways so
small,
Has no room for such cumbersome love-work at
all. —
(Apropos, though, of love-work — you've heard it,
I hope,
That Napoleon's old mother's to marry the Pope, —
What a comical pair!) — but, to stick to my Rout,
'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be struck out.

Is there no Algerine, no Kamchatkan arriv'd?
No Plenipo Pacha, three-tail'd and ten-wiv'd?
No Russian, whose dissonant consonant name
Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of fame?

I remember the time, three or four winters back,
When — provided their wigs were but decently black —
A few Patriot monsters, from Spain, were a sight
That would people one's house for one, night after night.
But — whether the Ministers *paw'd* them too much —
(And you know how they spoil whatsoever they touch)
Or, whether Lord G—rge (the young man about town)
Has, by dint of bad poetry, written them down,
One has certainly lost one's *peninsular* rage;
And the only stray Patriot seen for an age
Has been at such places (think, how the fit cools!)
As old Mrs. V—gh—n's or Lord L—v—rp—l's.

But, in short, my dear, names like Wintztschit-
stopschinzoudhoff
Are the only things now make an ev'ning go smooth
off:
So, get me a Russian — till death I'm your debtor —
If he brings the whole Alphabet, so much the better.
And — Lord! if he would but, *in character*, sup
Off his fish-oil and candles, he'd quite set me up!

Au revoir, my sweet girl — I must leave you in
haste —
Little Gunter has brought me the Liqueurs to taste.

POSTSCRIPT.

By the bye, have you found any friend that can
construe
That Latin account, t'other day, of a Monster? *
If we can't get a Russian, and *that thing* in Latin
Be not *too* improper, I think I'll bring that in.

* Alluding, I suppose, to the Latin Advertisement of a Lusus Naturæ in the Newspapers lately.

LETTER VI.

FROM ABDALLAH*, IN LONDON, TO MOHASSAN, IN ISPAHAN.

WHILST thou, Mohassan, (happy thou!)
Dost daily bend thy loyal brow
Before our King — our Asia's treasure!
Nutmeg of Comfort; Rose of Pleasure! —
And bear'st as many kicks and bruises
As the said Rose and Nutmeg chooses;
Thy head still near the bowstring's borders,
And but left on till further orders —
Through London streets, with turban fair,
And caftan, floating to the air,

* I have made many inquiries about this Persian gentleman, but cannot satisfactorily ascertain who he is. From his notions of Religious Liberty, however, I conclude that he is an importation of Ministers; and he has arrived just in time to assist the P——e and Mr. L—ck—e in their new Oriental Plan of Reform. — See the second of these Letters. — How Abdallah's epistle to Ispahan found its way into the Twopenny Post-Bag is more than I can pretend to account for.

I saunter on, the admiration
Of this short-coated population —
This sew'd up race — this button'd nation —
Who, while they boast their laws so free,
Leave not one limb at liberty,
But live, with all their lordly speeches,
The slaves of buttons and tight breeches.

Yet, though they thus their knee-pans fetter
(They're Christians, and they know no better) *
In *some* things they're a thinking nation;
And, on Religious Toleration,
I own I like their notions *quite*,
They are so Persian and so right!
You know our Sunnites †, — hateful dogs!
Whom every pious Shiite flogs

* "C'est un honnête homme," said a Turkish governor of De Ruyter; "c'est grand dommage qu'il soit Chrétien."

† *Sunnites* and *Shiites* are the two leading sects into which the Mahometan world is divided; and they have gone on cursing and persecuting each other, without any intermission, for about eleven hundred years. The *Sunni* is the established sect in Turkey, and the *Shia* in Persia; and the differences between them turn chiefly upon those important points, which our pious friend Abdallah, in the true spirit of Shiite Ascendency, reprobates in this Letter.

Or longs to flog* — 'tis true, they pray
To God, but in an ill-bred way;
With neither arms, nor legs, nor faces
Stuck in their right, canonic places.†
'Tis true, they worship Ali's name ‡ —
Their Heav'n and *ours* are just the same —
(A Persian's Heav'n is eas'ly made,
'Tis but black eyes and lemonade.)
Yet, though we've tried for centuries back —
We can't persuade this stubborn pack,
By bastinadoes, screws, or nippers,
To wear th' establish'd pea-green slippers. §
Then, only think, the libertines!
They wash their toes — they comb their chins ||,
With many more such deadly sins;

* "Les Sunnites, qui étoient comme les Catholiques de Musulmanisme." — *D'Herbelot.*

† "In contradistinction to the Sounis, who in their prayers cross their hands on the lower part of the breast, the Schiahs drop their arms in straight lines; and as the Sounis, at certain periods of the prayer, press their foreheads on the ground or carpet, the Schiahs," &c. &c. — *Forster's Voyage.*

‡ "Les Turcs ne détestent pas Ali réciproquement; au contraire, ils le reconnoissent," &c. &c. — *Chardin.*

§ "The Shiites wear green slippers, which the Sunnites consider as a great abomination." — *Mariti.*

|| For these points of difference, as well as for the Chapter

And what's the worst, though last I rank it)
Believe the Chapter of the Blanket!

Yet, spite of tenets so flagitious,
(Which *must*, at bottom, be seditious;
Since no man living would refuse
Green slippers, but from treasonous views;
Nor wash his toes, but with intent
To overturn the government,) —
Such is our mild and tolerant way,
We only curse them twice a day
(According to a Form that's set),
And, far from torturing, only let
All orthodox believers beat 'em,
And twitch their beards, where'er they meet 'em.

As to the rest, they're free to do
Whate'er their fancy prompts them to,
Provided they make nothing of it
Tow'rds rank or honour, power or profit;
Which things, we nat'rally expect,
Belong to US, the Establish'd sect,

of the Blanket, I must refer the reader (not having the book by me) to Picart's Account of the Mahometan Sects.

Who disbelieve (the Lord be thanked!)
Th' aforesaid Chapter of the Blanket.
The same mild views of Toleration
Inspire, I find, this button'd nation,
Whose Papists (full as giv'n to rogue,
And only Sunnites with a brogue)
Fare just as well, with all their fuss,
As rascal Sunnites do with us.

The tender Gazel I enclose
Is for my love, my Syrian Rose —
Take it when night begins to fall,
And throw it o'er her mother's wall.

GAZEL.

Rememberest thou the hour we past, —
That hour the happiest and the last?
Oh! not so sweet the Siha thorn
To summer bees, at break of morn,

Not half so sweet, through dale and dell,
To Camels' ears the tinkling bell,
As is the soothing memory
Of that one precious hour to me.

How can we live, so far apart?
Oh! why not rather, heart to heart,
United live and die —
Like those sweet birds, that fly together,
With feather always touching feather,
Link'd by a hook and eye! *

* This will appear strange to an English reader, but it is literally translated from Abdallah's Persian, and the curious bird to which he alludes is the *Juftak*, of which I find the following account in Richardson: — "A sort of bird, that is said to have but one wing; on the opposite side to which the male has a hook and the female a ring, so that, when they fly, they are fastened together."

LETTER VII.

FROM MESSRS. L—CK—GT—N AND CO.
TO ———— ————, ESQ.*

Per Post, Sir, we send your MS. — look'd it thro' —
Very sorry — but can't undertake — 'twouldn't do.
Clever work, Sir! — would *get up* prodigiously well —
Its only defect is — it never would sell.
And though *Statesmen* may glory in being *unbought*,
In an *Author* 'tis not so desirable thought.

Hard times, Sir, — most books are too dear to be read —
Though the *gold* of Good-sense and Wit's *small-change* are fled,
Yet the *paper* we Publishers pass, in their stead,
Rises higher each day, and ('tis frightful to think it)
Not even such names as F—tzg—r—d's can sink it!

* From motives of delicacy, and, indeed, of *fellow-feeling*, I suppress the name of the Author, whose rejected manuscript was inclosed in this letter. — See the Appendix.

However, Sir — if you're for trying again,
And at somewhat that's vendible — we are your men.

Since the Chevalier C—rr* took to marrying lately,
The Trade is in want of a *Traveller* greatly —
No job, Sir, more easy — your *Country* once plann d,
A month aboard ship and a fortnight on land
Puts your Quarto of Travels, Sir, clean out of hand.

An East-India pamphlet's a thing that would tell—
And a lick at the Papists is *sure* to sell well.
Or — supposing you've nothing *original* in you —
Write Parodies, Sir, and such fame it will win you,
You'll get to the Blue-stocking Routs of Albinia! †
(Mind — *not* to her *dinners* — a *second-hand* Muse
Mustn't think of aspiring to *mess* with the *Blues*.)

* Sir John Carr, the author of "Tours in Ireland, Holland, Sweden," &c. &c.

† This alludes, I believe, to a curious correspondence, which is said to have passed lately between Alb—n—a, Countess of B—ck—gh—ms—e, and a certain ingenious Parodist.

Or — in case nothing else in this world you can do —
The deuce is in't, Sir, if you cannot *review !*

Should you feel any touch of *poetical* glow,
We've a Scheme to suggest — Mr. Sc—tt, you must know,
(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for *the Row* *,)
Having quitted the Borders, to seek new renown,
Is coming, by long Quarto stages, to Town;
And beginning with Rokeby (the job's sure to pay)
Means to *do* all the Gentlemen's Seats on the way.
Now, the Scheme is (though none of our hackneys can beat him)
To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to *meet* him;
Who, by means of quick proofs — no revises — long coaches —
May do a few Villas, before Sc—tt approaches.
Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,
He'll reach, without found'ring, at least Woburn-Abbey.

* Paternoster Row.

Such, Sir, is our plan — if you're up to the freak,
'Tis a match! and we'll put you *in training* next week.
At present, no more — in reply to this Letter, a
Line will oblige very much

Yours, et cetera.

Temple of the Muses.

LETTER VIII.

FROM COLONEL TH—M—S TO ———
SK—FF—NGT—N, ESQ.

COME to our Fête *, and bring with thee
Thy newest, best embroidery.
Come to our Fête, and show again
That pea-green coat, thou pink of men,
Which charm'd all eyes, that last survey'd it;
When Br—mm—l's self inquir'd "who made it?"—
When Cits came wond'ring, from the East,
And thought thee Poet Pye *at least!*

Oh! come, (if haply 'tis thy week
For looking pale,) with paly cheek;
Though more we love thy roseate days,
When the rich rouge-pot pours its blaze

* This Letter enclosed a Card for the Grand Fête on the 5th of February.

Full o'er thy face, and, amply spread,
Tips ev'n thy whisker-tops with red —
Like the last tints of dying Day
That o'er some darkling grove delay.

Bring thy best lace, thou gay Philander,
(That lace, like H—rry Al—x—nd—r,
Too precious to be wash'd,) — thy rings,
Thy seals — in short, thy prettiest things!
Put all thy wardrobe's glories on,
And yield in frogs and fringe, to none
But the great R—g—t's self alone;
Who — by particular desire —
For that night only, means to hire
A dress from Romeo C—tes, Esquire.*
Hail, first of Actors!† best of R—g—ts!
Born for each other's fond allegiance!

* An amateur actor of much risible renown.

† Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem *placido lumine*, videris, &c. HORAT.

The Man, upon whom thou hast deign'd to look funny,
Oh Tragedy's Muse! at the hour of his birth —
Let them say what they will, that's the Man for *my* money,
Give others thy tears, but let *me* have thy mirth!

Both gay Lotharios — both good dressers —
Of serious Farce *both* learn'd Professors —
Both circled round, for use or show,
With cock's combs, wheresoe'er they go ! *

Thou know'st the time, thou man of lore !
It takes to chalk a ball-room floor —
Thou know'st the time, too, well-a-day !
It takes to dance that chalk away.†
The Ball-room opens — far and nigh
Comets and suns beneath us lie ;
O'er snow-white moons and stars we walk,
And the floor seems one sky of chalk !
But soon shall fade that bright deceit,
When many a maid, with busy feet
That sparkle in the lustre's ray,
O'er the white path shall bound and play
Like Nymphs along the Milky Way : —

* The crest of Mr. C—tes, the very amusing amateur tragedian here alluded to, was a cock ; and most profusely were his liveries, harness, &c., covered with this ornament.

† To those, who neither go to balls nor read the Morning Post, it may be necessary to mention, that the floors of Ball-rooms, in general, are chalked, for safety and for ornament, with various fanciful devices.

With every step a star hath fled,
And suns grow dim beneath their tread!
So passeth life — (thus Sc—tt would write,
And spinsters read him with delight,) —
Hours are not feet, yet hours trip on,
Time is not chalk, yet time's soon gone! *

But, hang this long digressive flight! —
I meant to say, thou'lt see, that night,
What falsehood rankles in their hearts,
Who say the Pr——e neglects the arts —
Neglects the arts? — no, Str—hl—g †, no;
Thy Cupids answer "'tis not so;"
And every floor, that night, shall tell
How quick thou daubest, and how well.
Shine as thou may'st in French vermilion,
Thou'rt *best,* beneath a French cotillion;
And still com'st off, whate'er thy faults,
With *flying colours* in a Waltz.

* Hearts are not flint, yet flints are rent,
Hearts are not steel, yet steel is bent.

After all, however, Mr. Sc—tt may well say to the Colonel, (and, indeed, to much better wags than the Colonel,) *ραον μωμεισθαι η μιμεισθαι.*

† A foreign artist much patronized by the Prince Regent.

Nor need'st thou mourn the transient date
To thy best works assign'd by fate.
While *some* chef-d'œuvres live to weary one,
Thine boast a short life and a merry one;
Their hour of glory past and gone
With "Molly put the kettle on!" *

But, bless my soul! I've scarce a leaf
Of paper left — so, must be brief.

This festive Fête, in fact, will be
The former Fête's *fac-simile* †;
The same long Masquerade of Rooms,
All trick'd up in such odd costumes,
(These, P—rt—r ‡, are thy glorious works!)
You'd swear Egyptians, Moors, and Turks,
Bearing Good-Taste some deadly malice,
Had clubb'd to raise a Pic-Nic Palace;

* The name of a popular country-dance.

† "C—rl—t—n H——e will exhibit a complete *fac-simile*, in respect to interior ornament, to what it did at the last Fête. The same splendid draperies," &c. &c. — *Morning Post.*

‡ Mr. Walsh Porter, to whose taste was left the furnishing of the rooms of Carlton House.

And each to make the olio pleasant
Had sent a State-Room as a present.
The same *fauteuils* and girondoles —
The same gold Asses*, pretty souls!
That, in this rich and classic dome,
Appear so perfectly at home.
The same bright river 'mong the dishes,
But *not* — ah! not the same dear fishes —
Late hours and claret kill'd the old ones —
So 'stead of silver and of gold ones,
(It being rather hard to raise
Fish of that *specie* now-a-days)
Some sprats have been by Y—rm—th's wish,
Promoted into *Silver* Fish,
And Gudgeons (so V—ns—tt—t told
The R—g—t) are as good as *Gold!*

So, prithee, come — our Fête will be
But half a Fête if wanting thee.

* The salt-cellars on the Pr——e's *own* table were in the form of an Ass with panniers.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

LETTER IV. PAGE 113.

AMONG the papers, enclosed in Dr. D—g—n—n's Letter, was found an Heroic Epistle in Latin verse, from Pope Joan to her Lover, of which, as it is rather a curious document, I shall venture to give some account. This female Pontiff was a native of England, (or, according to others, of Germany,) who, at an early age, disguised herself in male attire, and followed her lover, a young ecclesiastic, to Athens, where she studied with such effect, that upon her arrival at Rome, she was thought worthy of being raised to the Pontificate. This Epistle is addressed to her Lover (whom she had elevated to the dignity of Cardinal), soon after the fatal *accouchement*, by which her Fallibility was betrayed.

She begins by reminding him tenderly of the time, when they were together at Athens — when, as she says,

—— " by Ilissus' stream
" We whispering walk'd along, and learn'd to speak
" The tenderest feelings in the purest Greek ; —
" Ah, then how little did we think or hope,
" Dearest of men, that I should e'er be Pope ! *
" That I, the humble Joan, whose house-wife art
" Seem'd just enough to keep thy house and heart,
" (And those, alas, at sixes and at sevens,)
" Should soon keep all the keys of all the heavens ! "

Still less (she continues to say) could they have foreseen, that such a catastrophe as had happened in Council would befall them — that she

" Should thus surprise the Conclave's grave decorum,
" And let a *little Pope* pop out before 'em —

* Spanheim attributes the unanimity, with which Joan was elected, to that innate and irresistible charm, by which her sex, though latent, operated upon the instinct of the Cardinals — " Non vi aliquâ, sed concorditer, omnium in se converso desiderio, quæ sunt blandientis sexus artes, latentes in hâc quanquam ! "

" Pope *Innocent !* alas, the only one
" That name could e'er be justly fix'd upon."

She then very pathetically laments the downfall of her greatness, and enumerates the various treasures to which she is doomed to bid farewell for ever: —

" But oh, more dear, more precious ten times over —
" Farewell my Lord, my Cardinal, my Lover!
" I made *thee* Cardinal — thou mad'st *me* — ah!
" Thou mad'st the Papa of the world Mamma ! "

I have not time at present to translate any more of this Epistle; but I presume the argument which the Right Hon. Doctor and his friends mean to deduce from it, is (in their usual convincing strain) that Romanists must be unworthy of Emancipation *now*, because they had a Petticoat Pope in the Ninth Century. Nothing can be more logically clear, and I find that Horace had exactly the same views upon the subject.

Romanus (eheu posteri negabitis !)
Emancipatus FŒMINÆ
Fert vallum !

LETTER VII. PAGE 128.

THE Manuscript, found enclosed in the Bookseller's Letter, turns out to be a Melo-Drama, in two Acts, entitled "The Book*," of which the Theatres, of course, had had the refusal, before it was presented to Messrs. L—ck—ngt—n and Co. This rejected Drama, however, possesses considerable merit, and I shall take the liberty of laying a sketch of it before my Readers.

The first Act opens in a very awful manner — *Time*, three o'clock in the morning — *Scene*, the

* There was, in like manner, a mysterious Book, in the 16th Century, which employed all the anxious curiosity of the Learned of that time. Every one spoke of it; many wrote against it; though it does not appear that any body had ever seen it; and Grotius is of opinion that no such Book ever existed. It was entitled "Liber de tribus impostoribus." (See Morhof. Cap. de Libris damnatis.)—Our more modern mystery of "the Book" resembles this in many particulars; and, if the number of Lawyers employed in drawing it up be stated correctly, a slight alteration of the title into "*à* tribus impostoribus" would produce a coincidence altogether very remarkable.

Bourbon Chamber * in C—rl—t—n House — Enter the P——e R—g—t solus — After a few broken sentences, he thus exclaims: —

Away — Away —
Thou haunt'st my fancy so, thou devilish Book,
I meet thee — trace thee, wheresoe'er I look.
I see thy damned *ink* in Eld—n's brows —
I see thy *foolscap* on my H—rtf—d's Spouse —
V—ns—tt—t's head recalls thy *leathern* case,
And all thy *blank-leaves* stare from R—d—r's face!
While, turning here (*laying his hand on his heart*), I find, ah wretched elf,
Thy *List* of dire *Errata* in myself.
(*Walks the stage in considerable agitation.*)
Oh Roman Punch! oh potent Curaçoa!
Oh Mareschino! Mareschino oh!
Delicious drams! why have you not the art
To kill this gnawing *Book-worm* in my heart?

* The same Chamber, doubtless, that was prepared for the reception of the Bourbons at the first Grand Fête, and which was ornamented (all "for the Deliverance of Europe") with *fleurs-de-lys.*

He is here interrupted in his Soliloquy by perceiving on the ground some scribbled fragments of paper, which he instantly collects, and "by the light of two magnificent candelabras" discovers the following unconnected words, "*Wife neglected*" — "*the Book*" — "*Wrong Measures*" — "*the Queen*" — "*Mr. Lambert*" — "*the* R—g—t."

Ha! treason in my house! — Curst words, that wither
My princely soul, (*shaking the papers violently*)
what Demon brought you hither?
"My Wife;" — "the Book" too! — stay — a nearer
look —
(*holding the fragments closer to the Candelabras*)
Alas! too plain, B, double O, K, Book —
Death and destruction!

He here rings all the bells, and a whole legion of valets enter. A scene of cursing and swearing (very much in the German style) ensues, in the course of which messengers are despatched, in different directions, for the L—rd Ch—nc—ll—r, the D—e of C—b—l—d, &c. &c. The intermediate time is filled up by another Soliloquy, at

the conclusion of which the aforesaid Personages rush on alarmed; the D—ke with his stays only half-laced, and the Ch—nc—ll—r with his wig thrown hastily over an old red night-cap, "to maintain the becoming splendour of his office."* The R—g—t produces the appalling fragments, upon which the Ch—nc—ll—r breaks out into exclamations of loyalty and tenderness, and relates the following portentous dream.

'Tis scarcely two hours since
I had a fearful dream of thee, my P——e!—
Methought I heard thee, midst a courtly crowd,
Say from thy throne of gold, in mandate loud,
"Worship my whiskers!"—(*weeps*) not a knee was there
But bent and worshipp'd the Illustrious Pair,
Which curl'd in conscious majesty! (*pulls out his handkerchief*)—while cries
Of "Whiskers, whiskers!" shook the echoing skies.—

* "To enable the individual, who holds the office of Chancellor, to maintain it in becoming splendour." (*A loud laugh.*) — Lord Castlereagh's *Speech upon the Vice-Chancellor's Bill.*

Just in that glorious hour, methought, there came,
With looks of injur'd pride, a Princely Dame,
And a young maiden, clinging by her side,
As if she fear'd some tyrant would divide
Two hearts that nature and affection tied!
The Matron came — within her *right* hand glow'd
A radiant torch; while from her *left* a load
Of Papers hung — (*wipes his eyes*) collected in her veil —
The venal evidence, the slanderous tale,
The wounding hint, the current lies that pass
From *Post* to *Courier*, form'd the motley mass;
Which, with disdain, before the Throne she throws,
And lights the Pile beneath thy princely nose.
(*Weeps.*)
Heav'ns, how it blaz'd! — I'd ask no livelier fire,
(*With animation*) To roast a Papist by, my gracious Sire! —
But ah! the Evidence — (*weeps again*) I mourn'd to see —
Cast, as it burn'd, a deadly light on thee:
And Tales and Hints their random sparkles flung,
And hiss'd and crackled, like an old maid's tongue;

While *Post* and *Courier*, faithful to their fame,
Made up in stink for what they lack'd in flame.
When, lo, ye Gods! the fire ascending brisker,
Now singes *one*, now lights the *other* whisker.
Ah! where was then the Sylphid, that unfurls
Her fairy standard in defence of curls?
Throne, Whiskers, Wig soon vanish'd into smoke,
The watchman cried "Past One," and — I awoke.

Here his Lordship weeps more profusely than ever, and the R—g—t (who has been very much agitated during the recital of the Dream) by a movement as characteristic as that of Charles XII. when he was shot, claps his hands to his whiskers to feel if all be really safe. A Privy Council is held — all the Servants, &c. are examined, and it appears that a Tailor, who had come to measure the R—g—t for a Dress (which takes three whole pages of the best superfine *clinquant* in describing) was the only person who had been in the Bourbon Chamber during the day. It is, accordingly, determined to seize the Tailor, and the Council breaks up with a unanimous resolution to be vigorous.

The commencement of the Second Act turns chiefly upon the Trial and Imprisonment of two Brothers* — but as this forms the *under* plot of the Drama, I shall content myself with extracting from it the following speech, which is addressed to the two Brothers, as they "exeunt severally" to Prison: —

Go to your prisons — though the air of Spring
No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall bring;
Though Summer flowers shall pass unseen away,
And all your portion of the glorious day
May be some solitary beam that falls,
At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls —
Some beam that enters, trembling as if aw'd,
To tell how gay the young world laughs abroad!
Yet go — for thoughts as blessed as the air
Of Spring or Summer flowers await you there;
Thoughts, such as He, who feasts his courtly crew
In rich conservatories, *never* knew;
Pure self-esteem — the smiles that light within —
The Zeal, whose circling charities begin

* Mr. Leigh Hunt and his brother.

With the few lov'd-ones Heaven has plac'd it near,
And spread, till all Mankind are in its sphere;
The Pride, that suffers without vaunt or plea,
And the fresh Spirit, that can warble free,
Through prison-bars, its hymn to Liberty!

The Scene next changes to a Tailor's Work-shop, and a fancifully-arranged group of these Artists is discovered upon the Shop-board — Their task evidently of a *royal* nature, from the profusion of gold-lace, frogs, &c. that lie about — They all rise and come forward, while one of them sings the following Stanzas to the tune of "Derry Down."

My brave brother Tailors, come, straighten your knees,
For a moment, like gentlemen, stand up at ease,
While I sing of our P——e (and a fig for his railers)
The Shop-board's delight! the Mæcenas of Tailors!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

Some monarchs take roundabout ways into note,
While *His* short cut to fame is — the cut of his coat;

Philip's Son thought the World was too small for his Soul,
But our R—g—t's finds room in a lac'd button-hole.
Derry down, &c.

Look through all Europe's Kings — those, at least, who go loose —
Not a King of them all's such a friend to the Goose.
So, God keep him increasing in size and renown,
Still the fattest and best fitted P——e about town!
Derry down, &c.

During the "Derry down" of this last verse, a messenger from the S—c—t—y of S——e's Office rushes on, and the singer (who, luckily for the effect of the scene, is the very Tailor suspected of the mysterious fragments) is interrupted in the midst of his laudatory exertions, and hurried away, to the no small surprise and consternation of his comrades. The Plot now hastens rapidly in its developement — the management of the Tailor's examination is highly skilful, and the alarm, which he is made to betray, is natural without being ludicrous. The explanation, too, which he finally gives is not

more simple than satisfactory. It appears that the said fragments formed part of a self-exculpatory note, which he had intended to send to Colonel M'M——n upon subjects purely professional, and the corresponding bits (which still lie luckily in his pocket) being produced, and skilfully laid beside the others, the following billet-doux is the satisfactory result of their juxta-position.

Honour'd Colonel — my Wife, who's the Queen of all slatterns,
Neglected to put up the Book of new Patterns.
She sent the wrong Measures too — shamefully wrong —
They're the same us'd for poor Mr. Lambert, when young;
But, bless you! they wouldn't go half round the R—g—t—
So, hope you'll excuse yours till death, most obedient.

This fully explains the whole mystery — the R—g—t resumes his wonted smiles, and the Drama terminates as usual, to the satisfaction of all parties.

SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

ΣΧΟΛΑΖΟΝΤΟΣ ΑΣΧΟΛΙΑ.

SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

THE INSURRECTION OF THE PAPERS.

A DREAM.

"It would be impossible for his Royal Highness to disengage his person from the accumulating pile of papers that encompassed it."—Lord CASTLEREAGH'S *Speech upon Colonel M'Mahon's Appointment, April* 14. 1812.

LAST night I toss'd and turn'd in bed,
But could not sleep — at length I said,
"I'll think of Viscount C—stl—r—gh,
"And of his speeches — that's the way."
And so it was, for instantly
I slept as sound as sound could be.
And then I dreamt — so dread a dream!
Fuseli has no such theme;

Lewis never wrote or borrow'd
Any horror, half so horrid!

Methought the Pr——e, in whisker'd state,
Before me at his breakfast sate;
On one side lay unread Petitions,
On t'other, Hints from five Physicians;
Here tradesmen's bills, — official papers,
Notes from my Lady, drams for vapours —
There plans of saddles, tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the Morning Post.

When lo! the Papers, one and all,
As if at some magician's call,
Began to flutter of themselves
From desk and table, floor and shelves,
And, cutting each some different capers,
Advanc'd, oh jacobinic papers!
As though they said, "Our sole design is
"To suffocate his Royal Highness!"
The Leader of this vile sedition
Was a huge Catholic Petition,
With grievances so full and heavy,
It threaten'd worst of all the bevy.

Then Common-Hall Addresses came
In swaggering sheets, and took their aim
Right at the R—g—t's well-dress'd head,
As if *determin'd* to be read.
Next Tradesmen's Bills began to fly,
And Tradesmen's Bills, we know, mount high;
Nay ev'n Death-warrants thought they'd best
Be lively too, and join the rest.

But, oh the basest of defections!
His Letter about "predilections"—
His own dear Letter, void of grace,
Now flew up in its parent's face!
Shock'd with this breach of filial duty,
He just could murmur "*et* Tu *Brute?*"
Then sunk, subdued upon the floor
At Fox's bust, to rise no more!

I wak'd—and pray'd, with lifted hand,
"Oh! never may this Dream prove true;
"Though paper overwhelms the land,
"Let it not crush the Sovereign too!"

PARODY

OF A CELEBRATED LETTER.*

At length, dearest Freddy, the moment is nigh,
When, with P—rc—v—l's leave, I may throw my chains by;
And, as time now is precious, the first thing I do,
Is to sit down and write a wise letter to you.

* * * *
* * * *
* * * *
* * * *
* * * *
* * * *

I meant before now to have sent you this Letter,
But Y—rm—th and I thought perhaps 'twould be better
To wait till the Irish affairs were decided—
(That is, till both Houses had prosed and divided,

* Letter from his Royal Highness the Prince Regent to the Duke of York, Feb. 13. 1812.

With all due appearance of thought and digestion)—
For, though H—rtf—rd House had long settled
the question,
I thought it but decent, between me and you,
That the two *other* Houses should settle it too.

I need not remind you how cursedly bad
Our affairs were all looking, when Father went mad*;
A straight waistcoat on him and restrictions on me,
A more *limited* Monarchy could not well be.
I was call'd upon then, in that moment of puzzle,
To choose my own Minister — just as they muzzle
A playful young bear, and then mock his disaster,
By bidding him choose out his own dancing-master.

I thought the best way, as a dutiful son,
Was to do as Old Royalty's self would have done.†
So I sent word to say, I would keep the whole batch in,
The same chest of tools, without cleansing or patching;

* "I think it hardly necessary to call your recollection to the recent circumstances under which I assumed the authority delegated to me by Parliament."— *Prince's Letter.*

† "My sense of duty to our Royal father solely decided that choice."— *Ibid.*

For tools of this kind, like Martinus's sconce *,
Would lose all their beauty, if purified once;
And think — only think — if our Father should find,
Upon graciously coming again to his mind †,
That improvement had spoil'd any favourite adviser—
That R—se was grown honest, or W—stm—rel—nd wiser —
That R—d—r was, ev'n by one twinkle, the brighter—
Or L—v—rp—l's speeches but half a pound lighter—
What a shock to his old royal heart it would be!
No!—far were such dreams of improvement from me:
And it pleased me to find, at the House, where, you know ‡,
There's such good mutton cutlets, and strong curaçoa §,
That the Marchioness call'd me a duteous old boy,
And my Y—rm—th's red whiskers grew redder for joy.

* The antique shield of Martinus Scriblerus, which, upon scouring, turned out to be only an old sconce.

† "I waved any personal gratification, in order that his Majesty might resume, on his restoration to health, every power and prerogative," &c. — *Prince's Letter.*

‡ "And I have the satisfaction of knowing that such was the opinion of persons for whose judgment," &c. &c. — *Ibid.*

§ The letter-writer's favourite luncheon.

You know, my dear Freddy, how oft, if I *would,*
By the law of last Sessions I *might* have done good.
I *might* have withheld these political noodles
From knocking their heads against hot Yankee Doodles;
I *might* have told Ireland I pitied her lot,
Might have sooth'd her with hope — but you know I did not.
And my wish is, in truth, that the best of old fellows
Should not, on recovering, have cause to be jealous,
But find that, while he has been laid on the shelf,
We've been all of us nearly as mad as himself.
You smile at my hopes — but the Doctors and I,
Are the last that can think the K—ng *ever* will die.*

A new era's arriv'd†—though you'd hardly believe it—
And all things, of course, must be new to receive it.

* "I certainly am the last person in the kingdom to whom it can be permitted to despair of our royal father's recovery." — *Prince's Letter.*

† "A new era is now arrived, and I cannot but reflect with satisfaction," &c. — *Ibid.*

New villas, new fêtes (which ev'n Waithman attends) —
New saddles, new helmets, and — why not *new friends?*

* * * *
* * * *

I repeat it, "New Friends" — for I cannot describe
The delight I am in with this P—rc—v—l tribe.
Such capering! — Such vapouring! — Such rigour! — Such vigour!
North, South, East, and West, they have cut such a figure,
That soon they will bring the whole world round our ears,
And leave us no friends — but Old Nick and Algiers.

When I think of the glory they've beam'd on my chains,
'Tis enough quite to turn my illustrious brains.
It is true we are bankrupts in commerce and riches,
But think how we find our Allies in new breeches!
We've lost the warm hearts of the Irish, 'tis granted,
But then we've got Java, an island much wanted,

To put the last lingering few who remain,
Of the Walcheren warriors, out of their pain.
Then how Wellington fights! and how squabbles
his brother!
For Papists the one, and *with* Papists the other;
One crushing Napoleon by taking a City,
While t'other lays waste a whole Cath'lic Committee.
Oh deeds of renown! — shall I boggle or flinch,
With such prospects before me? by Jove, not an inch.
No — let *England*'s affairs go to rack, if they will,
We'll look after th' affairs of the *Continent* still;
And, with nothing at home but starvation and riot,
Find Lisbon in bread, and keep Sicily quiet.

I am proud to declare I have no predilections *,
My heart is a sieve, where some scatter'd affections
Are just danc'd about for a moment or two,
And the *finer* they are, the more sure to run through:
Neither feel I resentments, nor wish there should
come ill
To mortal — except (now I think on't) Beau
Br—mm—l,

* "I have no predilections to indulge, — no resentments to gratify." — *Prince's Letter.*

Who threaten'd last year, in a superfine passion,
To cut *me*, and bring the old K—ng into fashion.
This is all I can lay to my conscience at present;
When such is my temper, so neutral, so pleasant,
So royally free from all troublesome feelings,
So little encumber'd by faith in my dealings
(And that I'm consistent the world will allow,
What I was at Newmarket the same I am now).
When such are my merits (you know I hate cracking),
I hope, like the Vender of Best Patent Blacking,
"To meet with the gen'rous and kind approbation
"Of a candid, enlighten'd, and liberal nation."

By the bye, ere I close this magnificent Letter,
(No man, except Pole, could have writ you a better,)
'Twould please me if those, whom I've humbug'd so long *
With the notion (good men!) that I knew right from wrong,

* "I cannot conclude without expressing the gratification I should feel if some of those persons with whom the early habits of my public life were formed would strengthen my hands, and constitute a part of my government."—*Prince's Letter.*

Would a few of them join me — mind, only a few —
To let *too* much light in on me never would do;
But even Grey's brightness shan't make me afraid,
While I've C—md—n and Eld—n to fly to for shade;
Nor will Holland's clear intellect do us much harm,
While there's W—stm—rel—nd near him to weaken
the charm.
As for Moira's high spirit, if aught can subdue it,
Sure joining with H—rtf—rd and Y—rm—th will
do it!
Between R—d—r and Wh—rt—n let Sheridan sit,
And the fogs will soon quench even Sheridan's wit:
And against all the pure public feeling that glows
Ev'n in Whitbread himself we've a Host in G—rge
R—se!
So, in short, if they wish to have Places, they may,
And I'll thank you to tell all these matters to Grey*,
Who, I doubt not, will write (as there's no time to
lose)
By the twopenny post to tell Grenville the news;

* "You are authorized to communicate these sentiments to Lord Grey, who, I have no doubt, will make them known to Lord Grenville."—*Prince's Letter.*

And now, dearest Fred (though I've no predilection),
Believe me yours always with truest affection.

P. S. A copy of this is to P—rc—l going*—
Good Lord, how St. Stephen's will ring with his crowing!

* "I shall send a copy of this letter immediately to Mr. Perceval."—*Prince's Letter.*

ANACREONTIC

TO A PLUMASSIER.

FINE and feathery artisan,
Best of Plumists (if you can
With your art so far presume)
Make for me a Pr—ce's Plume —
Feathers soft and feathers rare,
Such as suits a Pr—ce to wear.

First, thou downiest of men,
Seek me out a fine Pea-hen;
Such a Hen, so tall and grand,
As by Juno's side might stand,
If there were no cocks at hand.
Seek her feathers, soft as down,
Fit to shine on Pr—ce's crown;
If thou canst not find them, stupid!
Ask the way of Prior's Cupid.*

* See Prior's poem, entitled "The Dove."

Ranging these in order due,
Pluck me next an old Cuckoo;
Emblem of the happy fates
Of easy, kind, cornuted mates.
Pluck him well — be sure you do —
Who wouldn't be an old Cuckoo,
Thus to have his plumage blest,
Beaming on a R—y—l crest?

Bravo, Plumist! — now what bird
Shall we find for Plume the third?
You must get a learned Owl,
Bleakest of black-letter fowl —
Bigot bird, that hates the light*,
Foe to all that's fair and bright.
Seize his quills, (so form'd to pen
Books†, that shun the search of men;
Books, that, far from every eye,
In "swelter'd venom sleeping" lie,)
Stick them in between the two,
Proud Pea-hen and Old Cuckoo.

* P—rc—v—l.

† In allusion to "the Book" which created such a sensation at that period.

Now you have the triple feather,
Bind the kindred stems together
With a silken tie, whose hue
Once was brilliant Buff and Blue;
Sullied now — alas, how much!
Only fit for Y—rm—th's touch.

There — enough — thy task is done;
Present, worthy G——ge's Son;
Now, beneath, in letters neat,
Write "I SERVE," and all's complete.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE DIARY OF A POLITICIAN.

Wednesday.

THROUGH M—nch—st—r Square took a canter just now —
Met the *old yellow chariot**, and made a low bow.
This I did, of course, thinking 'twas loyal and civil,
But got such a look — oh 'twas black as the devil!
How unlucky! — *incog.* he was trav'lling about,
And I like a noodle, must go find him out.

Mem. — when next by the old yellow chariot I ride,
To remember there *is* nothing princely inside.

Thursday.

At Levee to day made another sad blunder —
What *can* be come over me lately, I wonder?
The Pr—ce was as cheerful, as if, all his life,
He had never been troubled with Friends or a Wife—

* The *incog.* vehicle of the Pr—ce.

"Fine weather," says he — to which I, who *must*
prate,
Answered, "Yes, Sir, but *changeable* rather, of late."
He took it, I fear, for he look'd somewhat gruff,
And handled his new pair of whiskers so rough,
That before all the courtiers I fear'd they'd come off,
And then, Lord, how Geramb * would triumphantly
scoff!

Mem. — to buy for son Dicky some unguent or lotion
To nourish his whiskers — sure road to promotion! †

Saturday.

Last night a Concert — vastly gay —
Given by Lady C—stl—r—gh.
My Lord loves music, and, we know,
Has "two strings always to his bow." ‡

* Baron Geramb, the rival of his R. H. in whiskers.

† England is not the only country where merit of this kind is noticed and rewarded. "I remember," says Tavernier, "to have seen one of the King of Persia's porters, whose mustaches were so long that he could tie them behind his neck, for which reason he had a double pension."

‡ A rhetorical figure used by Lord C—stl—r—gh, in one of his speeches.

In choosing songs, the R—g—t nam'd
"*Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd.*"
While gentle H—rtf—d begg'd and pray'd
For "*Young I am, and sore afraid.*"

EPIGRAM.

WHAT news to-day? — "Oh! worse and worse —
"Mac* is the Pr—ce's Privy Purse!" —
The Pr—ce's *Purse!* no, no, you fool,
You mean the Pr—ce's *Ridicule.*

* Colonel M—cm—h—n.

KING CRACK* AND HIS IDOLS.

WRITTEN AFTER THE LATE NEGOTIATION FOR A NEW M—N—STRY.

King Crack was the best of all possible Kings,
(At least, so his Courtiers would swear to you gladly,)
But Crack now and then would do het'rodox things,
And, at last, took to worshipping *Images* sadly.

Some broken-down Idols, that long had been plac'd
In his father's old *Cabinet*, pleas'd him so much,
That he knelt down and worshipp'd, though — such was his taste! —
They were monstrous to look at, and rotten to touch.

* One of those antediluvian Princes, with whom Manetho and Whiston seem so intimately acquainted. If we had the Memoirs of Thoth, from which Manetho compiled his History, we should find, I dare say, that Crack was only a Regent, and that he, perhaps, succeeded Typhon, who (as Whiston says) was the last King of the Antediluvian Dynasty.

And these were the beautiful Gods of King Crack! —
But his People, disdaining to worship such things,
Cried aloud, one and all, "Come, your Godships must pack —
"You'll not do for *us*, though you *may* do for *Kings*."

Then, trampling these images under their feet,
They sent Crack a petition, beginning "Great Cæsar!
"We're willing to worship; but only entreat
"That you'll find us some *decenter* Godheads than these are."

"I'll try," says King Crack — so they furnish'd him models
Of better shap'd Gods, but he sent them all back;
Some were chisell'd too fine, some had heads 'stead of noddles,
In short, they were all *much* too godlike for Crack.

So he took to his darling old Idols again,
And, just mending their legs and new bronzing their faces,
In open defiance of Gods and of man,
Set the monsters up grinning once more in their places.

WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE?

Quest. Why is a Pump like V—sc—nt C—stl—r—gh?
Answ. Because it is a slender thing of wood,
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout and spout and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

EPIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CATHOLIC DELEGATE AND HIS R—Y—L H—GHN—SS THE D—E OF C—B—L—D.

Said his Highness to Ned*, with that grim face of his,
"Why refuse us the *Veto*, dear Catholic Neddy?"
"Because, Sir," said Ned, looking full in his phiz,
"You're *forbidding* enough, in all conscience, already!"

* Edward Byrne, the head of the Delegates of the Irish Catholics.

WREATHS FOR THE MINISTERS.

AN ANACREONTIC.

Hither, Flora, Queen of Flowers!
Haste thee from Old Brompton's bowers —
Or, (if sweeter that abode)
From the King's well-odour'd Road,
Where each little nursery bud
Breathes the dust and quaffs the mud.
Hither come and gaily twine
Brightest herbs and flowers of thine
Into wreaths for those, who rule us,
Those, who rule and (some say) fool us —
Flora, sure, will love to please
England's Household Deities! *

First you must then, willy-nilly,
Fetch me many an orange lily —

* The ancients, in like manner, crowned their Lares, or Household Gods. See Juvenal, Sat. 9. v. 138. — Plutarch, too, tells us that Household Gods were then, as they are now, "much given to War and penal Statutes." — *ερινυωδεις και ποινιμους δαιμονας.*

Orange of the darkest dye
Irish G—ff—rd can supply;—
Choose me out the longest sprig,
And stick it in old Eld—n's wig

Find me next a Poppy posy,
Type of his harangues so dozy,
Garland gaudy, dull and cool,
To crown the head of L—v—rp—l.
'Twill console his brilliant brows
For that loss of laurel boughs,
Which they suffer'd (what a pity!)
On the road to Paris City.

Next, our C—stl—r—gh to crown,
Bring me from the County Down,
Wither'd Shamrocks, which have been
Gilded o'er, to hide the green—
(Such as H—df—t brought away
From Pall-Mall last Patrick's Day *)—

* Certain tinsel imitations of the Shamrock which are distributed by the Servants of C————n House every Patrick's Day.

Stitch the garland through and through
With shabby threads *of every hue;* —
And as, Goddess! — *entre nous*—
His Lordship loves (though best of men)
A little *torture,* now and then,
Crimp the leaves, thou first of Syrens,
Crimp them with thy curling-irons.

That's enough — away, away —
Had I leisure, I could say
How the *oldest rose* that grows
Must be pluck'd to deck Old Rose —
How the Doctor's* brow should smile
Crown'd with wreaths of camomile.
But time presses — to thy taste
I leave the rest, so, prithee, haste!

* The *sobriquet* given to Lord Sidmouth.

EPIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A DOWAGER AND HER MAID ON THE NIGHT OF LORD Y—RM—TH'S FÊTE.

"I WANT the Court Guide," said my lady, "to look
"If the House, Seymour Place, be at 30. or 20."—
"We've lost the *Court Guide*, Ma'am, but here's *the Red Book*,
"Where you'll find, I dare say, Seymour *Places* in plenty!"

HORACE, ODE XI. LIB. II.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY THE PR—CE R—G—T.*

† Come, Y—rm—th, my boy, never trouble your
brains,
About what your old crony,
The Emperor Boney,
Is doing or brewing on Muscovy's plains;

* This and the following are extracted from a Work, which may, some time or other, meet the eye of the Public—entitled "Odes of Horace, done into English by several Persons of Fashion."

† Quid bellicosus Cantaber, et Scythes,
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet, Hadria
Divisus objecto, remittas
Quærere.

* Nor tremble, my lad, at the state of our granaries:
Should there come famine,
Still plenty to cram in
You always shall have, my dear Lord of the
Stannaries.

Brisk let us revel, while revel we may;
† For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes away,
And then people get fat,
And infirm, and — all that,
‡ And a wig (I confess it) so clumsily sits,
That it frightens the little Loves out of their wits;

§ Thy whiskers, too, Y—rm—th! — alas, even they,
Though so rosy they burn,
Too quickly must turn
(What a heart-breaking change for thy whiskers!)
to Grey.

* Nec trepides in usum
Poscentis ævi pauca.

† Fugit retro
Levis juventas et decor.

‡ Pellente lascivos amores
Canitie.

§ Neque uno Luna *rubens* nitet
Vultu.

* Then why, my Lord Warden, oh! why should you fidget
Your mind about matters you don't understand?
Or why should you write yourself down for an idiot,
Because "*you*," forsooth, "*have the pen in your hand!*"

Think, think how much better
Than scribbling a letter,
(Which both you and I
Should avoid by the bye,)
† How much pleasanter 'tis to sit under the bust
Of old Charley ‡, my friend here, and drink like a new one;
While Charley looks sulky and frowns at me, just
As the Ghost in the Pantomime frowns at Don Juan.

* Quid æternis *minorem*
Consiliis animum fatigas?

† Cur non sub alta vel platano, vel hac
Pinu jacentes sic temere.

‡ Charles Fox.

* To crown us, Lord Warden,
In C—mb—rl—nd's garden
Grows plenty of *monk's hood* in venomous sprigs:
While Otto of Roses
Refreshing all noses
Shall sweetly exhale from our whiskers and wigs.

† What youth of the Household will cool our Noyau
In that streamlet delicious,
That down 'midst the dishes,
All full of gold fishes,
Romantic doth flow?—
‡ Or who will repair
Unto M——ch——r Sq——e,
And see if the gentle *Marchesa* be there?

* Rosâ
Canos odorati capillos,
Dum licet, Assyriaque nardo
Potamus uncti.

† Quis puer ocius
Restinguet ardentis Falerni
Pocula *prætereunte lympha?*

‡ Quis . . . . . eliciet domo
Lyden?

Go — bid her haste hither,
* And let her bring with her
The newest No-Popery Sermon that's going —
† Oh! let her come, with her dark tresses flowing,
All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,
In the manner of — Ackermann's Dresses for May!

* Eburna, dic age, cum lyra (qu. *liar-a*) Maturet.

† Incomtam Lacænæ
More comam religata nodo.

HORACE, ODE XXII. LIB. I.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY LORD ELD—N.

* The man who keeps a conscience pure,
(If not his own, at least his Prince's,)
Through toil and danger walks secure,
Looks big and black, and never winces.

† No want has he of sword or dagger,
Cock'd hat or ringlets of Geramb;
Though Peers may laugh, and Papists swagger,
He doesn't care one single d–mn.

* Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.

† Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra.

* Whether midst Irish chairmen going,
Or through St. Giles's alleys dim,
'Mid drunken Sheelahs, blasting, blowing,
No matter, 'tis all one to him.

† For instance, I, one evening late,
Upon a gay vacation sally,
Singing the praise of Church and State,
Got (God knows how) to Cranbourne Alley.

* Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

The Noble Translator had, at first, laid the scene of these imagined dangers of his Man of Conscience among the Papists of Spain, and had translated the words "quæ loca *fabulosus lambit* Hydaspes" thus — "The *fabling* Spaniard *licks* the French;" but, recollecting that it is our interest just now to be respectful to *Spanish* Catholics (though there is certainly no earthly reason for our being even commonly civil to *Irish* ones), he altered the passage as it stands at present.

† Namque me silvâ lupus in Sabinâ,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis,
Fugit inermem.

I cannot help calling the reader's attention to the peculiar ingenuity with which these lines are paraphrased. Not to mention the happy conversion of the Wolf into a Papist, (seeing that Romulus was suckled by a wolf, that Rome was

When lo! an Irish Papist darted
Across my path, gaunt, grim, and big —
I did but frown, and off he started,
Scar'd at me, even without my wig.

* Yet a more fierce and raw-bon'd dog
Goes not to Mass in Dublin City,
Nor shakes his brogue o'er Allen's Bog,
Nor spouts in Catholic Committee.

† Oh! place me midst O'Rourkes, O'Tooles,
The ragged royal-blood of Tara;

founded by Romulus, and that the Pope has always reigned at Rome,) there is something particularly neat in supposing "*ultra termi*num" to mean vacation-time; and then the modest consciousness with which the Noble and Learned Translator has avoided touching upon the words "curis *expeditis*," (or, as it has been otherwise read, "*causis expeditis*,") and the felicitous idea of his being "inermis" when "without his wig," are altogether the most delectable specimens of paraphrase in our language.

* Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit æsculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat leonum
Arida nutrix.

† Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura:

Or place me where Dick M—rt—n rules
The houseless wilds of Connemara;

* Of Church and State I'll warble still
Though ev'n Dick M—rt—n's self should grumble;
Sweet Church and State, like Jack and Jill,
† So lovingly upon a hill—
Ah! ne'er like Jack and Jill to tumble!

Quod latus mundi, nebulæ, malusque
Jupiter urget.

I must here remark, that the said Dick M—rt—n being a very good fellow, it was not at all fair to make a "malus Jupiter" of him.

* Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

† There cannot be imagined a more happy illustration of the inseparability of Church and State, and their (what is called) "standing and falling together," than this ancient apologue of Jack and Jill. Jack, of course, represents the State in this ingenious little Allegory.

Jack fell down,
And broke his *Crown*,
And Jill came tumbling after.

THE

NEW COSTUME OF THE MINISTERS.

——— Nova monstra creavit.
OVID. *Metamorph.* l. i. v. 437.

HAVING sent off the troops of brave Major Camac,
With a swinging horse-tail at each valorous back,
And such helmets, God bless us! as never deck'd any
Male creature before, except Signor Giovanni —
"Let's see," said the R—g—t (like Titus, perplex'd
With the duties of empire,) "whom *shall* I dress
next?"

He looks in the glass — but perfection is there,
Wig, whiskers, and chin-tufts all right to a hair*;

* That model of Princes, the Emperor Commodus, was particularly luxurious in the dressing and ornamenting of his hair. His conscience, however, would not suffer him to trust himself with a barber, and he used, accordingly, to burn off his beard — "timore tonsoris," says Lampridius. (*Hist. August. Scriptor.*) The dissolute Ælius Verus, too, was equally at-

Not a single *ex*-curl on his forehead he traces —
For curls are like Ministers, strange as the case is,
The *falser* they are, the more firm in their places.
His coat he next views — but the coat who could doubt?
For his Y—rm—th's own Frenchified hand cut it out;
Every pucker and seam were made matters of state,
And a Grand Household Council was held on each plait.

Then whom shall he dress? shall he new-rig his brother,
Great C—mb—rl—d's Duke, with some kickshaw or other?
And kindly invent him more Christian-like shapes
For his feather-bed neckcloths and pillory capes.
Ah! no — here his ardour would meet with delays,
For the Duke had been lately pack'd up in new Stays,

tentive to the decoration of his wig. (See Jul. Capitolin.) — Indeed, this was not the *only* princely trait in the character of Verus, as he had likewise a most hearty and dignified contempt for his Wife. — See his insulting answer to her in Spartianus.

So complete for the winter, he saw very plain
'Twould be devilish hard work to *un*pack him again.

So, what's to be done? — there's the Ministers, bless' em! —
As he *made* the puppets, why shouldn't he *dress* 'em?
" An excellent thought! — call the tailors — be nimble —
" Let Cum bring his spy-glass, and H—rtf—d her thimble;
" While Y—rm—th shall give us, in spite of all quizzers,
" The last Paris cut with his true Gallic scissors."

So saying, he calls C—stl—r—gh, and the rest
Of his heaven-born statesmen, to come and be drest.
While Y—rm—th, with snip-like and brisk expedition,
Cuts up, all at once, a large Cath'lic Petition
In long tailors' measures, (the P—e crying " Well-done!")
And first *puts in hand* my Lord Chancellor Eld—n.

* * * *

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN A LADY AND GENTLEMAN,

UPON THE ADVANTAGE OF (WHAT IS CALLED) "HAVING LAW * ON ONE'S SIDE."

The Gentleman's Proposal.

"Legge aurea,
S'ei piace, ei lice."

Come, fly to these arms, nor let beauties so bloomy
To one frigid owner be tied;
Your prudes may revile, and your old ones look gloomy,
But, dearest, we've *Law* on our side.

Oh! think the delight of two lovers congenial,
Whom no dull decorums divide;
Their error how sweet, and their raptures how *venial*,
When once they've got Law on their side.

* In allusion to Lord Ell—nb—gh.

'Tis a thing, that in every King's reign has been
done, too:
Then why should it now be decried?
If the Father has done it, why shouldn't the Son, too?
For so argues Law on our side.

And, ev'n should our sweet violation of duty
By cold-blooded jurors be tried,
They can *but* bring it in "a misfortune," my beauty,
As long as we've Law on our side.

The Lady's Answer.

Hold, hold, my good Sir, go a little more slowly;
For, grant me so faithless a bride,
Such sinners as we, are a little too *lowly*,
To hope to have Law on our side.

Had you been a great Prince, to whose star shining
o'er 'em
The People should look for their guide,
Then your Highness (and welcome!) might kick
down decorum —
You'd always have Law on your side.

Were you ev'n an old Marquis, in mischief grown hoary,
Whose heart, though it long ago died
To the *pleasures* of vice, is alive to its *glory*—
You still would have Law on your side.

But for *you*, Sir, Crim. Con. is a path full of troubles;
By *my* advice therefore abide,
And leave the pursuit to those Princes and Nobles
Who have *such* a ***Law*** on their side.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE OF ST. ST—PH—N,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY THE PROPRIETOR IN FULL COSTUME, ON THE 24TH OF NOVEMBER, 1812.

This day a New House, for your edification,
We open, most thinking and right-headed nation!
Excuse the materials — though rotten and bad,
They're the best that for money just now could be had;
And, if *echo* the charm of such houses should be,
You will find it shall echo my speech to a T.

As for actors, we've got the old Company yet,
The same motley, odd, tragi-comical set;
And consid'ring they all were but clerks t'other day,
It is truly surprising how well they can play.
Our Manager*, (he, who in Ulster was nurst,
And sung *Erin go Brah* for the galleries first,

* Lord C—stl—r—gh.

But, on finding *Pitt*-interest a much better thing,
Chang'd his note of a sudden, to *God save the King*,)
Still wise as he's blooming, and fat as he's clever,
Himself and his speeches as *lengthy* as ever,
Here offers you still the full use of his breath,
Your devoted and long-winded proser till death.

You remember last season, when things went perverse on,
We had to engage (as a block to rehearse on)
One Mr. V—ns—tt—t, a good sort of person,
Who's also employ'd for this season to play,
In "Raising the Wind," and "the Devil to Pay."*
We expect too — at least we've been plotting and planning —
To get that great actor from Liverpool, C—nn—g;
And, as at the Circus there's nothing attracts
Like a good *single combat* brought in 'twixt the acts,
If the Manager should, with the help of Sir P—ph—m,
Get up new *diversions*, and C—nn—g should stop 'em,

* He had recently been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Who knows but we'll have to announce in the papers,
"Grand fight—second time—with additional capers."

Be your taste for the ludicrous, humdrum, or sad,
There is plenty of each in this House to be had.
Where our Manager ruleth, there weeping will be,
For a *dead hand at tragedy* always was he;
And there never was dealer in dagger and cup,
Who so *smilingly* got all his tragedies up.
His powers poor Ireland will never forget,
And the widows of Walcheren weep o'er them yet.

So much for the actors;—for secret machinery,
Traps, and deceptions, and shifting of scenery,
Y—rm—th and Cum are the best we can find,
To transact all that trickery business behind.
The former's employ'd too to teach us French jigs,
Keep the whiskers in curl, and look after the wigs.

In taking my leave now, I've only to say,
A few *Seats in the House*, not as yet sold away,
May be had of the Manager, Pat C—stl—r—gh.

THE SALE OF THE TOOLS.

Instrumenta regni. — TACITUS.

HERE's a choice set of Tools for you, Ge'mmen and Ladies,
They'll fit you quite handy, whatever your trade is;
(Except it be *Cabinet-making;* — no doubt,
In that delicate service they're rather worn out;
Though their owner, bright youth! if he'd had his own will,
Would have bungled away with them joyously still.)
You can see they've been pretty well *hack'd* — and alack!
What tool is there job after job will not hack?
Their edge is but dullish, it must be confess'd,
And their temper, like E——nb'r——h's, none of the best;
But you'll find them good hard-working Tools, upon trying,
Wer't but for their *brass*, they are well worth the buying;

They're famous for making *blinds*, *sliders*, and *screens*,
And are, some of them, excellent *turning* machines.

The first Tool I'll put up (they call it a *Chancellor*)
Heavy concern to both purchaser *and* seller.
Though made of pig iron, yet worthy of note 'tis,
'Tis ready to *melt* at a half minute's notice.*
Who bids? Gentle buyer! 'twill turn as thou shapest;
'Twill make a good thumb-screw to torture a Papist;
Or else a cramp-iron, to stick in the wall
Of some church that old women are fearful will fall;
Or better, perhaps, (for I'm guessing at random,)
A heavy *drag-chain* for some Lawyer's old *Tandem*.
Will nobody bid? It is cheap, I am sure, Sir —
Once, twice, — going, going, — thrice, gone! — it is yours, Sir.
To pay ready money you sha'n't be distrest,
As a *bill* at *long date* suits the Chancellor best.

* An allusion to Lord Eld—n's lachrymose tendencies.

Come, where's the next Tool? — Oh! 'tis here in
a trice —
This implement, Ge'mmen, at first was a *Vice;*
(A tenacious and close sort of tool, that will let
Nothing out of its grasp it once happens to get;)
But it since has received a new coating of *Tin,*
Bright enough for a Prince to behold himself in.
Come, what shall we say for it? briskly! bid on,
We'll the sooner get rid of it — going — quite gone.
God be with it, such tools, if not quickly knock'd
down,
Might at last cost their owner — how much? why, a
Crown!

The next Tool I'll set up has hardly had handsel or
Trial as yet, and is *also* a Chancellor —
Such dull things as these should be sold by the gross;
Yet, dull as it is, 'twill be found to *shave close,*
And like *other* close shavers, some courage to
gather,
This *blade* first began by a flourish on *leather.**

* "Of the taxes proposed by Mr. Vansittart, that principally opposed in Parliament was the additional duty on leather." *Ann. Register.*

You shall have it for nothing — then, marvel with me
At the terrible *tinkering* work there must be,
Where a Tool such as this is (I'll leave you to judge it)
Is placed by ill luck at the top of *the Budget!*

LITTLE MAN AND LITTLE SOUL.

A BALLAD.

To the tune of "There was a little man, and he woo'd a little maid."

DEDICATED TO THE RT. HON. CH—RL—S ABB—T.

Arcades ambo
Et *cant*-are pares.

1813.

THERE was a little Man, and he had a little Soul,
And he said, "Little Soul, let us try, try, try,
"Whether it's within our reach
"To make up a little Speech,
"Just between little you and little I, I, I,
"Just between little you and little I!"—

Then said his little Soul,
Peeping from her little hole,

" I protest, little Man, you are stout, stout, stout,
" But, if it's not uncivil,
" Pray tell me what the devil
" Must our little, little speech be about, bout, bout,
" Must our little, little speech be about?"

The little Man look'd big,
With th' assistance of his wig,
And he call'd his little Soul to order, order, order,
Till she fear'd he'd make her jog in
To gaol, like Thomas Croggan,
(As she wasn't Duke or Earl) to reward her, ward her, ward her,
As she wasn't Duke or Earl, to reward her.

The little Man then spoke,
" Little soul, it is no joke,
" For as sure as J—cky F—ll—r loves a sup, sup, sup,
" I will tell the Prince and People
" What I think of Church and Steeple,
" And my little patent plan to prop them up, up, up,
" And my little patent plan to prop them up."

Away then, cheek by jowl,
Little Man and little Soul
Went and spoke their little speech to a tittle, tittle, tittle,
And the world all declare
That this priggish little pair
Never yet in all their lives look'd so little, little, little,
Never yet in all their lives look'd so little!

REINFORCEMENTS FOR LORD WELLINGTON.

Suosque tibi commendat Troja Penates
Hos cape fatorum comites. VIRGIL.

1813.

As recruits in these times are not easily got,
And the Marshal *must* have them — pray, why should we not,
As the last and, I grant it, the worst of our loans to him,
Ship off the Ministry, body and bones to him?
There's not in all England, I'd venture to swear,
Any men we could half so conveniently spare;
And, though they've been helping the French for years past,
We may thus make them useful to England at last.
C—stl—r—gh in our sieges might save some disgraces,
Being us'd to the *taking* and *keeping* of *places;*
And Volunteer C—nn—g, still ready for joining,
Might show off his talent for sly *undermining.*

Could the Household but spare us its glory and pride,
Old H—df—t at *horn-works* again might be tried,
And the Ch—f J—st—e make a *bold charge* at his side:
While V—ns—tt—t could victual the troops *upon tick*,
And the Doctor look after the baggage and sick.

Nay, I do not see why the great R—g—t himself
Should, in times such as these, stay at home on the shelf:
Though through narrow defiles he's not fitted to pass,
Yet who could resist, if he bore down *en masse?*
And though oft, of an evening, perhaps he might prove,
Like our Spanish confed'rates, "unable to move *,"
Yet there's *one* thing in war of advantage unbounded,
Which is, that he could not with ease be *surrounded.*

In my next I shall sing of their arms and equipment;
At present no more, but—good luck to the shipment!

* The character given to the Spanish soldier, in Sir John Murray's memorable despatch.

HORACE, ODE I. LIB. III.

A FRAGMENT.

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo:
Favete linguis: carmina non prius
Audita Musarum sacerdos
Virginibus puerisque canto.
Regum timendorum in proprios greges,
Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis.

1813.

I HATE thee, oh, Mob, as my Lady hates delf;
To Sir Francis I'll give up thy claps and thy hisses,
Leave old Magna Charta to shift for itself,
And, like G—dw—n, write books for young masters and misses.
Oh! it *is* not high rank that can make the heart merry,
Even monarchs themselves are not free from mishap:
Though the Lords of Westphalia must quake before Jerry,
Poor Jerry himself has to quake before Nap.

* * * * * *

HORACE, ODE XXXVIII. LIB. I.

A FRAGMENT.

Persicos odi, puer, adparatus;
Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ;
Mitte sectari, Rosa *quo locorum*
Sera moretur.

TRANSLATED BY A TREASURY CLERK, WHILE WAITING DINNER FOR THE RIGHT HON. G—RGE R—SE.

Boy, tell the Cook that I hate all nick-nackeries,
Fricassees, vol-au-vents, puffs, and gim-crackeries —
Six by the Horse-Guards! — old Georgy is late —
But come — lay the table cloth — zounds! do not wait,
Nor stop to inquire, while the dinner is staying,
At which of his places Old R—e is delaying! *

* * * * * *

* The literal closeness of the version here cannot but be admired. The Translator has added a long, erudite, and

flowery note upon *Roses*, of which I can merely give a specimen at present. In the first place, he ransacks the *Rosarium Politicum* of the Persian poet Sadi, with the hope of finding some *Political* Roses, to match the gentleman in the text — but in vain: he then tells us that Cicero accused Verres of reposing upon a cushion "Melitensi *rosâ fartum*," which, from the odd mixture of words, he supposes to be a kind of *Irish* Bed of Roses, like Lord Castlereagh's. The learned Clerk next favours us with some remarks upon a well-known punning epitaph on fair Rosamond, and expresses a most loyal hope, that, if "Rosa munda" mean "a Rose with clean hands" it may be found applicable to the Right Honourable Rose in question. He then dwells at some length upon the "Rosa *aurea*," which, though descriptive, in one sense, of the old Treasury Statesman, yet, as being consecrated and worn by the Pope, must, of course, not be brought into the same atmosphere with him. Lastly, in reference to the words "*old* Rose," he winds up with the pathetic lamentation of the Poet "consenuisse Rosas." The whole note indeed shows a knowledge of Roses, that is quite edifying.

IMPROMPTU.

UPON BEING OBLIGED TO LEAVE A PLEASANT PARTY, FROM THE WANT OF A PAIR OF BREECHES TO DRESS FOR DINNER IN.

1810.

BETWEEN Adam and me the great difference is,
Though a paradise each has been forc'd to resign,
That he never wore breeches, till turn'd out of his,
While, for want of my breeches, I'm banish'd from mine.

LORD WELLINGTON AND THE MINISTERS.

1813.

So gently in peace Alcibiades smil'd,
While in battle he shone forth so terribly grand,
That the emblem they grav'd on his seal, was a child
With a thunderbolt plac'd in its innocent hand.

Oh Wellington, long as such Ministers wield
Your magnificent arm, the same emblem will do;
For while *they*'re in the Council and *you* in the Field,
We've the *babies* in *them*, and the *thunder* in *you!*

IRISH MELODIES.

DEDICATION.

TO

THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL.

It is now many years since, in a Letter prefixed to the Third Number of the Irish Melodies, I had the pleasure of inscribing the Poems of that work to your Ladyship, as to one whose character reflected honour on the country to which they relate, and whose friendship had long been the pride and happiness of their Author. With the same feelings of affection and respect, confirmed if not increased by the experience of every succeeding year, I now place those Poems in their present new form under your protection, and am,

With perfect sincerity,
Your Ladyship's ever attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

PREFACE.

THOUGH an edition of the Poetry of the Irish Melodies, separate from the Music, has long been called for, yet, having, for many reasons, a strong objection to this sort of divorce, I should with difficulty have consented to a disunion of the words from the airs, had it depended solely upon me to keep them quietly and indissolubly together. But, besides the various shapes in which these, as well as my other lyrical writings, have been published throughout America, they are included, of course, in all the editions of my works printed on the Continent, and have also appeared, in a volume full of typographical errors, in Dublin. I have therefore readily acceded to the wish

expressed by the Proprietor of the Irish Melodies, for a revised and complete edition of the poetry of the Work, though well aware that my verses must lose even more than the "*animæ dimidium*" in being detached from the beautiful airs to which it was their good fortune to be associated.

The Advertisements which were prefixed to the different numbers, the Prefatory Letter upon Music, &c. will be found in an Appendix at the end of the Volume.

IRISH MELODIES.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its ling'ring roses,
Once so lov'd by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,

Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I us'd to sing thee,—
Oh! then remember me.

WAR SONG.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.*

Remember the glories of Brien the brave,
Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;
Tho' lost to Mononia† and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora‡ no more.
That star of the field, which so often hath pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
To light us to victory yet.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,

* Brien Boromhe, the great monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

† Munster. ‡ The palace of Brien.

Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there?
No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood*
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died.
That sun which now blesses our arms with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain;—
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain.

* This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. — *Let stakes* (they said) *be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.*" "Between seven and eight hundred wounded men (adds O'Halloran) pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops; — never was such another sight exhibited."— *History of Ireland*, book xii. chap. i.

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise.

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in heaven's sight
One arch of peace!

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid:
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

WHEN HE, WHO ADORES THEE.

When he, who adores thee, has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

FLY NOT YET.

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour,
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon.
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing.
Oh! stay,—Oh! stay,—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that oh, 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
In times of old through Ammon's shade,*

* Solis Fons, near the Temple of Ammon.

Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near.
And thus, should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.
Oh! stay,—Oh! stay,—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here?

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang as they seem to you now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
No: — life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile —
May we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.

But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceiv'd.
But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,—
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

THO' THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH SORROW I SEE.

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.*

* "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being

shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulins* (long locks), on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called Crommeal. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song, the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired." — *Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, p. 134. Mr. Walker informs us also, that, about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.*

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
"So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
"Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
"As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

* This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote: — "The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this Monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels." — *Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i. book x.

" Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
" No son of Erin will offer me harm: —
" For though they love woman and golden store,
" Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour, and Erin's pride.

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting —

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.*

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet†;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no, — it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,

* "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.

† The rivers Avon and Avoca.

And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world
should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.

TAKE back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still;
Some hand, more calm and sage,
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come, as pure as light,
Pure as even *you* require:
But, oh! each word I write
Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book:
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you.
Like you, 'tis fair and bright;
Like you, too bright and fair
To let wild passion write
One wrong wish there.

Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
Tow'rds you and home;
Fancy may trace some line,
Worthy those eyes to meet,
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far,
Seamen their records keep,
Led by some hidden star
Through the cold deep;
So may the words I write
Tell thro' what storms I stray —
You still the unseen light,
Guiding my way.

THE LEGACY.

When in death I shall calmly recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.*
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

* "In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed, the more they excelled in music." — *O'Halloran.*

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel, when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.
But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

How oft has the Benshee cried,
How oft has death untied
Bright links that Glory wove,
Sweet bonds entwin'd by Love!
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth;
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth;
Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

We're fall'n upon gloomy days!*
Star after star decays,
Every bright name, that shed
Light o'er the land, is fled.

* I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character, which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and ominous fatality, by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth;
But brightly flows the tear,
Wept o'er a hero's bier.

Quench'd are our beacon lights —
Thou, of the Hundred Fights!*
Thou, on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom hung!†
Both mute, — but long as valour shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they liv'd and died.

* This designation, which has been before applied to Lord Nelson, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Guive, the bard of O'Niel, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," page 433. "Con, of the hundred Fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories."

† Fox, "Romanorum ultimus."

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

We may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings and be off to the west;
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own green isle,
For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery placed within call;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden s but carelessly watch'd after all.

Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells;
Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye.
While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Through billows of woe, and beams of joy,
The same as he look'd when he left the shore,
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

Oh! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

The clouds pass'd soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day,
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way,
When the Lord of the Valley crost over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.

The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came;
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold*,
Which he won from her proud invader,
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger†;—
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

* "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively, hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."—*Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i. book ix.

† "Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland: long before the birth of Christ we find an hereditary order of Chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craiobhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craiobhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch;

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover.*

and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Bronbhearg*, or the House of the Sorrowful Soldier."— *O'Halloran's Introduction, &c.*, part i. chap. *5*.

* It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. *Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste sereno tempore conspiciunt, et extraneis transeuntibus, reique causas admirantibus, frequenter ostendunt.* — Topogr. Hib. dist. 2. c. 9.

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.*

Silent, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

* To make this story intelligible in a song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorised to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release. — I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

Sadly, oh Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools;
This moment's a flower too fair and brief,
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
The fool, who would quarrel for difference of hue,
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No, perish the hearts, and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

Sublime was the warning that Liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain.
Oh, Liberty! let not this spirit have rest,
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west —
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
Nor, oh, be the Shamrock of Erin forgot
While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain!

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,
Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,
If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same!
And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath,
For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for in vain,
Join, join in our hope that the flame, which you light,
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm, and as bright,
And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause!—oh, it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain;
Then, how sainted by sorrow, its martyrs will die!
The finger of Glory shall point where they lie;
While, far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

ERIN, OH ERIN.

LIKE the bright lamp, that shone in Kildare's holy fane *,
And burn'd thro' long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
Erin, oh Erin, thus bright thro' the tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.

* The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions: — "Apud Kildariam occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quod extingui non possit, sed quod tam solicite moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, fovent et nutriunt, ut a tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus." — *Girald. Camb. de Mirabil. Hibern.* dist. 2. c. 34.

Erin, oh Erin, tho' long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold hour,
Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.*
Thus Erin, oh Erin, *thy* winter is past,
And the hope that liv'd thro' it shall blossom at last.

* Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the lily, has applied this image to a still more important object.

DRINK TO HER.

Drink to her, who long
  Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
  What gold could never buy.
Oh! woman's heart was made
  For minstrel hands alone;
By other fingers play'd,
  It yields not half the tone.
Then here's to her, who long
  Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
  What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass,
  When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask'd her, "*which* might pass?"
  She answer'd, "he, who could."

With golden key Wealth thought
To pass — but 'twould not do:
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through.
So here's to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home
Where wealth or grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome,
That dwells in dark gold mines.
But oh! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere;
Its native home's above,
Tho' woman keeps it here.
Then drink to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.*

Oh ! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at Fame;
He was born for much more, and in happier hours
His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.
The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart†;
And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart.

* We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards, whom Spenser so severely, and, perhaps, truly, describes in his State of Ireland, and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which have good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

† It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for a *bow*, in the use of which

But alas for his country!— her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken, which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unpriz'd are her sons, till they've learned to betray;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch, that would light them thro' dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile, where their country expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream,
He should try to forget, what he never can heal:
Oh! give but a hope — let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!

weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following: "So that Ireland, called the land of *Ire*, from the constant broils therein for 400 years, was now become the land of concord."— *Lloyd's State Worthies*, art. *The Lord Grandison.*

That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd;
While the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.*

But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;
Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

* See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus, Εν μυρτου κλαδι το ξιφος φορησω — "I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius, and Aristogiton," &c.

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

WHILE gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turn'd,
To look at orbs, that, more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd.
But *too* far
Each proud star,
For me to feel its warming flame;
Much more dear
That mild sphere,
Which near our planet smiling came *;
Thus, Mary, be but thou my own;
While brighter eyes unheeded play,
I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
That bless my home and guide my way.

* "Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together."— *Whiston's Theory, &c.*

In the *Entretiens d'Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with these words, *Non mille, quod absens.*

The day had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now, with lustre meet,
Illumin'd all the pale flowers,
Like hope upon a mourner's cheek.
I said (while
The moon's smile
Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss,)
" The moon looks
" On many brooks,
" The brook can see no moon but this;" *
And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
For many a lover looks to thee,
While oh! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me.

* This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works: " The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon."

ILL OMENS.

When daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
The last time she e'er was to press it alone.
For the youth whom she treasured her heart and her soul in,
Had promised to link the last tie before noon;
And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly *, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.

* An emblem of the soul.

Enrag'd with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him — he fell, alas; never to rise:
"Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces,
"For which the soul's innocence too often dies."

While she stole thro' the garden, where hearts-ease was growing,
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;
And a rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too:
But while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two, and the hearts-ease was lost:
"Ah! this means," said the girl (and she sigh'd at its meaning),
"That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!"

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife;
By that sun, whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life —
Oh! remember life can be
No charm for him, who lives not free!
Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero in his grave,
Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.

Happy is he o'er whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine
And light him down the steep of years: —
But oh, how blest they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes on victory's breast!

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
When his heart that field remembers,
Where we tamed his tyrant might.

Never let him bind again
A chain, like that we broke from then.
Hark! the horn of combat calls —
Ere the golden evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round! *

Many a heart that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken even at victory's sound: —
But oh, how blest that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep!

* "The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages, our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day." — *Walker.*

AFTER THE BATTLE.

NIGHT clos'd around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day,
Stood few and faint, but fearless still.
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever crost —
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task, moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die.
There's yet a world, where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss; —
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

'Tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near.*
The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
But will lean to the nearest, and loveliest thing,
It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.
Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be sure to find something, still, that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

* I believe it is Marmontel who says, "*Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.*" — There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy, to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them, that Democritus was not the worse physiologist, for having playfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus, in any degree, the less wise, for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest, if the rose isn't there;
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too,
And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue.
Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be sure to find something, still, that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.*

THROUGH grief and through danger thy smile hath
cheer'd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round
me lay;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love
burn'd,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd;
Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more
dear to thee.

Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd
and scorn'd,
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows
adorn'd;

* Meaning, allegorically, the ancient Church of Ireland.

She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,
Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail —
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale.
They say, too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains —
Oh! foul is the slander, — no chain could that soul subdue —
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too! *

* "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." — *St. Paul, 2 Corinthians*, iii. 17.

ON MUSIC.

When thro' life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love,
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept;
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours;
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music, oh how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are ev'n more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.*

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how belov'd was the friend that's fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
'Tis the tear, thro' many a long day wept,
'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded;
'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,
Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he liv'd but to love them.
And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume
Where buried saints are lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying!

* These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who had died lately at Madeira.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

'Tis believ'd that this Harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;
And who often, at eve, thro' the bright waters rov'd,
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she lov'd.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep;
Till heav'n look'd with pity on true-love so warm,
And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smil'd the same—
While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light frame;
And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,
Was chang'd to bright chords utt'ring melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath
been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when
away.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream:
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Tho' the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,

As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one lov'd name.

No,— that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love trac'd;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream;
'Twas a light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream:
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

THE PRINCE'S DAY.*

THO' dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers:
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours.
But just when the chain
Has ceas'd to pain,
And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers,
There comes a new link
Our spirits to sink—
Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
But, though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

* This song was written for a fête in honour of the Prince of Wales's Birthday, given by my friend, Major Bryan, at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

Contempt on the minion, who calls you disloyal!
Tho' fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.
While cowards, who blight
Your fame, your right,
Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,
The Standard of Green
In front would be seen,—
Oh, my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,
You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
When rous'd by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts, which have suffer'd too much to forget;
And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.
The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light, to the last,—

And thus, Erin, my country tho' broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay;
A spirit, which beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's Day.

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past;
Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more.
In vain the hero's heart hath bled;
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain;—
Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again.

Weep on—perhaps in after days,
They'll learn to love your name;
When many a deed may wake in praise
That long hath slept in blame.
And when they tread the ruin'd isle,
Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wondering ask, how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave?

" 'Twas fate," they'll say, " a wayward fate
" Your web of discord wove;
" And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
" You never join'd in love.
" But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
" And man profan'd what God had given;
" Till some were heard to curse the shrine,
" Where others knelt to heaven!"

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises!
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature plac'd it.

Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
Nature's dress
Is loveliness —
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refin'd,
But, when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber Love reposes —
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
Oh! my Nora Creina dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, tho' bright,
Hath no such light,
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of Time,
And waste its bloom away, Mary!
Yet still thy features wore that light,
Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary!
So veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that, which charm'd all other eyes,
Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet,
Than to remember thee, Mary! *

* I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, "Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.*

By that Lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er †,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
"Here, at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew, —
Eyes of most unholy blue!

* This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

† There are many other curious traditions concerning this Lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, &c.

She had lov'd him well and long,
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah, your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough, thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
Soon the saint (yet ah! too late,)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, "Heav'n rest her soul!"
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling o'er the fatal tide.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her, sighing:
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking;—
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

NAY, TELL ME NOT, DEAR.

Nay, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.
Ne'er hath a beam
Been lost in the stream
That ever was shed from thy form or soul;
The spell of those eyes,
The balm of thy sighs,
Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl.
Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

They tell us that Love in his fairy bower
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
But bath'd the other with mantling wine.

Soon did the buds
That drank of the floods
Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;
While those which the tide
Of ruby had dy'd
All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!
Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AVENGING and bright fall the swift sword of Erin*
On him who the brave sons of Usna betray'd!—
For ev'ry fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

* The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'Flanagan (see vol. i. of *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin*), and upon which it appears that the "Darthula of Macpherson" is founded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story (says Mr. O'Flanagan) has been, from time immemorial, held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, 'The death of the children of Touran;' 'The death of the children of Lear' (both regarding Tuatha de Danans), and this, 'The death of the children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story." It will be recollected, that in the Second Number of these Melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Lear or Lir; "Silent, oh Moyle!" &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark
dwelling*,
When Ulad's† three champions lay sleeping in
gore—
By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore—

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head.

Yes, monarch! tho' sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness
fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our
affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

literature of Ireland, it would be a lasting reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement they so well merit.

* "Oh Nasi! view that cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman-green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red."—*Deirdri's Song.*

† Ulster.

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

He. — WHAT the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey-dew,
Through the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you.

She. — What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear.

She. — But they say, the bee's a rover,
Who will fly, when sweets are gone;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on.

He. — Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
If sunny banks *will* wear away,
'Tis but right, that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

"HERE we dwell, in holiest bowers,
"Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend;
"Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
"To heaven in mingled odour ascend.
"Do not disturb our calm, oh Love!
"So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
"It well might deceive such hearts as ours."

Love stood near the Novice and listen'd,
And Love is no novice in taking a hint;
His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glisten'd;
His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint.
"Who would have thought," the urchin cries,
"That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
"His wandering wings, and wounding eyes?"

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
Young Novice, to him all thy orisons rise.

He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer's flame with his sighs.
Love is the Saint enshrin'd in thy breast,
And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
If he came to them cloth'd in Piety's vest.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.

This life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another like waves of the deep, —
Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows,
Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is awak'd ere the tear can be dried;
And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.
But pledge me the cup — if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise.
Be ours the light Sorrow, half-sister to Joy,
And the light, brilliant Folly that flashes and dies.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Thro' fields full of light, and with heart full of play,

Light rambled the boy, over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.*
Thus many, like me, who in youth should have tasted
The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine.
But pledge me the goblet; — while Idleness weaves
These flowerets together, should Wisdom but see
One bright drop or two that has fall'n on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me.

* Proposito florem prætulit officio.
PROPERT. lib. i. eleg. 20.

OH THE SHAMROCK.

THROUGH Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wander'd,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd.
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass *
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds seen
Thro' purest crystal gleaming.

* It is said that St. Patrick, when preaching the Trinity to the Pagan Irish, used to illustrate his subject by reference to that species of trefoil called in Ireland by the name of the Shamrock; and hence, perhaps, the Island of Saints adopted this plant as her national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil or three-coloured grass in her hand.

Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf,
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

Says Valour, "See,
"They spring for me,
"Those leafy gems of morning!"—
Says Love, "No, no,
"For *me* they grow,
"My fragrant path adorning."
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, "Oh! do not sever
"A type, that blends
"Three godlike friends,
"Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!"
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

So firmly fond
May last the bond,

They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather.
May Love, as twine
His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em;
May Valour ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky.

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to hear!
When our voices commingling breath'd, like one, on the ear;

And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the Kingdom of Souls *,
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

* "There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields; and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

One bumper at parting! — tho' many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any
Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure hath in it,
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth.
But come, — may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!

But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours —
Ah, never doth Time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But come — may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

We saw how the sun look'd in sinking,
The waters beneath him how bright;
And now, let our farewell of drinking
Resemble that farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd, by darting
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim —
So, fill up, let's shine at our parting,
In full liquid glory, like him.
And oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up,
'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
It dies 'mid the tears of the cup.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove *,
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake! — the heavens look bright, my dear,
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,

* "Steals silently to Morna's grove." — See, in Mr. Bunting's collection, a poem translated from the Irish, by the late John Brown, one of my earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.

And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake! — till rise of sun, my dear,
The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

The Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him. —
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
"*One* sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
"*One* faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! — but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
"Thou soul of love and bravery!
"Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
"They shall never sound in slavery."

THE SONG OF O'RUARK,

PRINCE OF BREFFNI.*

THE valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
That saddened the joy of my mind.

* These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran:—"The king of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the king of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns."—The monarch Roderick espoused

I look'd for the lamp which, she told me,
Should shine, when her Pilgrim return'd;
But, though darkness began to infold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd!

I flew to her chamber — 'twas lonely,
As if the lov'd tenant lay dead; —
Ah, would it were death, and death only!
But no, the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss;
While the hand, that had wak'd it so often,
Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women,
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, thro' a million of foemen,
Who dar'd but to wrong thee *in thought!*

the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation), "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischief in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy."

While now — oh degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!
And thro' ages of bondage and slaughter,
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already, the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide, to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain.
But onward! — the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
On *our* side is Virtue and Erin,
On *theirs* is the Saxon and Guilt.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN.

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers;
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love, as they lov'd in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.

With affection as free
From decline as the bowers,
And, with hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on, holy and calm as the night.

FAREWELL!—BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL! — but whenever you welcome the hour,
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcom'd it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;

Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles —
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd —
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

Oh! doubt me not — the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.
Altho' this heart was early blown,
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
They only shook some blossoms down,
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
Then doubt me not — the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.

And tho' my lute no longer
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
Yet, trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.

The bee through many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there, and hums no more.
Then doubt me not — the season
Is o'er, when Folly kept me free,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall guard the flame awak'd by thee.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.*

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she blessed her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
Till William, at length, in sadness said,
"We must seek our fortune on other plains;" —
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;
"The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the Porter bow'd, as they pass'd the gate.

* This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story told of a certain noble family in England.

" Now, welcome, Lady," exclaim'd the youth, —
" This castle is thine, and these dark woods all ! "
She believ'd him crazed, but his words were truth,
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall !
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What William the stranger woo'd and wed;
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too;
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
If thou wert, like them, untrue.
But while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long, an endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear!

And tho' the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely, without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam: —
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

Come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.
Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;
'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou art not.
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea
Made for the Free,
Land for courts and chains alone?
Here we are slaves,
But, on the waves,
Love and Liberty's all our own.
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us —
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That, even in sorrow, were sweet?
Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear? —
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
Been like our Lagenian mine*,
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine —
But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allur'd by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

* Our Wicklow Gold Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, but too well the character here given of them.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story *,
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory —
Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the young hours have fleeted,
When sorrow itself looked bright;
If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus the cold world now wither
Each feeling that once was dear: —
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

* "The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in his mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," &c. — *Arabian Nights.*

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
  Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When half-awaking from fearful slumbers,
  He thinks the full quire of heaven is near, —
Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,
  This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
  To such benign, blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
  Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell —
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
  Of all my soul echoed to its spell.
'Twas whisper'd balm — 'twas sunshine spoken! —
  I'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
  By such benign, blessed sounds again.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

When first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.
I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, tho' false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.
But go, deceiver! go,
The heart, whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
I fled the unwelcome story;
Or found, in ev'n the faults they blam'd,
Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspired to wrong, to slight thee;

The heart that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver! go, —
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, tho' youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee:
The few, who lov'd thee once, have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
Go — go — tho' worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour!

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
When even those ties shall sever;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou'st lost for ever;

On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still receiv'd thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believ'd thee.
Go — go — 'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

While History's Muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
For hers was the story that blotted the leaves.
But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light
That illum'd the whole volume, her Wellington's name.

"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling
With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies —
"Thro' ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
"I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.

" For, tho' Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
" And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame;—
" But oh! there is not
" One dishonouring blot
" On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name.

" Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
" The grandest, the purest, ev'n *thou* hast yet known;
" Tho' proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
" Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
" At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,
" Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame,
" And, bright o'er the flood
" Of her tears and her blood,
" Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name!"

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light, that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Tho' Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him the Sprite*,
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.

* This alludes to a kind of Irish fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields at dusk. As long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed, and in your power; — but

Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
O! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No, vain, alas! th' endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever;
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady Morgan, (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, O'Donnel,) has given a very different account of that goblin.

WHERE IS THE SLAVE.

Oh, where's the slave so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
  Who, could he burst
  His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
  When thus its wing
  At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?

Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall!

Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouch'd and blowing,
  Than that, whose braid
  Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory glowing.

We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us.

Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall !

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Thro' joy and thro' torment, thro' glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee,—or perish there too!

'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead—
When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray, ere it fled.
'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
Around thee, thro' all the gross clouds of the world;
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
At once, like a Sun-burst, her banner unfurl'd.*

* "The Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the Royal Banner.

Oh! never shall earth see a moment so splendid!
Then, then—had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations—how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, Erin, from thee!

But, shame on those tyrants, who envied the blessing!
And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies, caressing
The young hope of Freedom, baptiz'd it in blood.
Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave, that we danc'd on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;—
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first wak'd a new life thro' his frame,
And his soul, like the wood, that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame.

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when thro' the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions: —

So we, Sages, sit,
And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the Heaven of Wit
Draw down all its lightning.

Would'st thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanc'd upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us:

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfer'd fire in.—
But oh his joy, when, round
The halls of Heaven spying,
Among the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying!

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the Sparks of Soul
Mix'd their burning treasure.
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us;
Hence its mighty power
O'er that Flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long*,
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!

The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But, so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

* In that rebellious but beautiful song, "When Erin first rose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line: —

"The dark chain of Silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhaim, where the attending Bards, anxious, if

Dear Harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine!
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine;
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the *Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morni, in* Miss Brooke's *Reliques of Irish Poetry.*

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